



HE HAS SUFFER'D, & LEFT US AN EXAMPLE THAT  
WE SHOULD FOLLOW HIS FOOT STEPS.

*Int:van dyk. pinx:*



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*1607/2349(1.)*  
*HORNECK's*

# Fire of the ALTAR

VERSIFIED:

OR,

## Feasting on a SACRIFICE:

A

# P O E M.

CONTAINING

Certain Directions how to raise  
the Soul into Holy Flames, before,  
at, and after the receiving the Blessed  
Sacrament of the LORD's SUPPER.

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*Come unto Me, all ye that be desirous of Me, and  
fill your selves with my Fruits.*

*For my Memorial is sweeter than Honey, and mine  
Inheritance than the Honey-comb. Eccles. xxiv.  
19, 20.*

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L O N D O N:

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## THE DEDICATION.

*To the Right Worshipful the President, Treasurer, and Governors of CHRIST's-HOSPITAL.*

WORTHY SIRS,

AFTER I had pen'd this small Poem, I was not at a Loss (but from the Meane-s of its Author) to whom to address it; you being the Persons to whom I have been particularly obliged: I therefore in this manner presume to testify my Gratitude by this publick Acknowledgment of your Favour; and as it is from your Charitable Benevolence, that (next under God) all my Welfare and Happiness in this World hath sprung, permit me

## The DEDICATION.

to lay the following Sheets at your Worships feet, intreating they may meet with a favourable Acceptance, as a token of my unfeigned Thankfulness for your unmerited Goodness to me; for which, may the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ bless you with all Spiritual Blessings, and make you to abound more and more in all Goodness; and after you have serv'd your Generations here, may your Souls be admitted to the Enjoyment and Embraces of the Holy Trinity, and may your Posterities after you be Followers of your Piety, as long as the Sun and Moon shall endure; that all that know them may say, they are the Seed that the Lord hath blessed; and that these my hearty Prayers, and earnest Wishes, may find Acceptance at the Throne of Grace, is the Desire of,

*May it please your Worships,  
Your Worships most Dutiful,  
And Most Obliged humble Servant,*

NATHANIEL MUNNS.



TO



## To the READER.

**T**is some Years since I presented the Original Copy of these Poems to the Right Worshipful the Governors of CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL; being encourag'd at that time so to do, by a very worthy Gentleman, Hugh Squire, Esq; a great Benefactor to that Ancient Foundation, by whose Interest it was receiv'd with some Marks of Favour. The Subject I have taken from the late Reverend and Pious Doctor ANTHONY HORNECK's Fire of the Altar; a Book full of sweet Words and lofty Thoughts, and wherein are many Devout and Poetical Expressions, very fitly adapted to strike the Understanding into Wonder and Amazement, and to give it just Apprehensions of that Kindness and Love of GOD, which toward Men appear'd in the Person of JESUS CHRIST our SAVIOUR. Which, upon a mature Consideration, cannot fail to persuade us into a Holy Imitation of his Divine Example. After such a Confession as this, it may perhaps be thought by some a needless and useless piece of Labour, to versify a Book.

## P R E F A C E.

Book on such a Subject, unless it had been done by as Excellent and Pious a Pen-man as its Original Author, and therefore esteem'd a Presumption in me to imagine any Endeavours of mine cou'd recommend it better than it is already; because it may be said (as the wise Son of Sirach observes) How shall he that holdeth the Plow, or is occupied in Labour, get Wisdom? or those whose desire is in the Work of their Craft, be sought for, or advised with in Publick Counsels? But nevertheless, the same wise Man allows, that he that giveth his mind to the Law of the most high, and employs himself in the Meditation thereof, him will the Lord direct in Knowledge, and in his Secrets shall he meditate. It was such a Consideration as this that induced me to compleat this Work, to instruct my self in the useful Knowledge of that which concerns my Everlasting Welfare, to which I was studiously led on, that I might inform my self of the Nature and Use of this Holy Ordinance, that at proper times and Seasons I might be qualify'd to Receive it with Comfort and Advantage, and withal to give (to those of a different Persuasion) a Reason of the Hope that is in me. Neither think I my time ill spent, in taking this Method to improve it, having endeavoured to keep up to the true Sense and Meaning of my Author. I have not, I think, deviated from the Doctrine of that Church of which I am an unworthy Member; I readily confess

## P R E F A C E.

confess my Inability to perform a Work of this Nature, not only for the Reasons before mentioned by the Son of Sirach, but because I am no better skill'd in the Art of Poetry, than I am in the Rudiments of Scholastic Literature; and therefore woud not have it imagin'd, I think myself qualified for a Seat on Parnassus, or am acquainted with the Antient Poets. But my humble Muse bath attempted to enter into the Garden of Gethsemane, to visit Mount Olivet, and to ascend to the top of Cavalry; and by serious Meditations and suitable Reflections have follow'd my Blessed Master there, that by the Help of a devout Faith I might perceive the Mysteries and Advantages of his Crucifixion. Therefore as Religion first set me to Work, and a modest well meaning Enquiry has carry'd me on; so I hope, if this shou'd happen to fall into the Hands of the more Learned, it may not be thought worth their Censure, lest they render it unacceptable to those, whose Abilities and Capacities are of the same Standard with my own, to whom I wish as much Comfort and Advantage in the Reading, as I have had in the Composing of it, wherein it hath amply rewarded my Pains and Trouble. I have of late Years, for Variety's sake, collected together from the best Fathers of the Church, an Office in Prose for the Receiving the Blessed Sacrament, and I think I have so order'd them as not to break in upon the Service of our holy Church; for however

## P R E F A C E.

however usefully we may employ our Thoughts before that begins, or while others are Communicating, nothing should binder us from joining with our fellow Members in her excellent Service. And because Changes in Devotion may be as pleasant to the Soul, as various Diet may be to the Appetites of Nature; I have Subjoined to this, several useful Acts of Graces and Virtues, particularly adapted to the meanest Understanding. And therefore

Pardon me, courteous Reader, if I've stray'd,  
Or ha'n't the Rules of Poetry obey'd;  
And if I chance some Work of thine to see,  
I will as favourable be to thee.

FAREWELI.



HORNECK's



HORNECK's  
Fire of the ALTAR  
VERSIFIED:  
OR,  
Feasting on a SACRIFICE:  
A  
POEM.

CANTO I.

*Some preparatory thoughts to bring the  
mind into a serious frame.*

CONSCIENCE.



Sit not meet, my soul, some time to  
pause  
On thy Redeemer's death? on sin,  
the cause,  
Before thou go'st into his temple,  
where

With thanks 'tis celebrated, and with pray'r?  
In which, if rightly view'd, such charms you'll see,  
That will discover the necessity

B

To

## 2 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

To die to sin, and wisely to contrive  
How you may imitate, like JESUS live.  
Should'st thou not cry, convinced of his love,  
O that I had the pinions of a dove!  
How swiftly would I fly, how swiftly move!  
No hind'rance should my speedy passage stay,  
Till I arriv'd at wish'd for Golgotha.

Awake, awake, the want of wings supply;  
Arise, in thought ascend mount Calvary;  
Go, take a view of what was acted there,  
And see the dreadful spectacle appear;  
There on a cross behold thy Maker ty'd,  
And gore divine flow from his wounded side:  
The universal Priest and Sacrifice  
Of all the world, upon the altar lies,  
Bleeding and dying for the sins of men,  
To cause our fallen race to live again.  
This was a mystery to Israel's stock,  
And unto many prov'd a stumbling-block;  
This to the Greeks seem'd foolishness to be,  
What all the Jewish Rabbins could not see,  
Nor greatest heathen sages comprehend,  
What all their learning could not understand;  
How he, whose greatness doth the heavens swell,  
Should in the bowels of a woman dwell;  
How th' Incomprehensible could thus  
Be comprehended, and then die for us.  
O God, thy ways unsearchable appear,  
Thy thoughts too deep for human reason are;  
For finite thoughts cannot with infinite compare.  
Man's understanding's very weak and dull,  
His apprehension's short, mean, trivial;  
But thou in all thy works art very wonderful.  
Who can Almighty Wisdom comprehend?  
Why to the just he does afflictions send?

Why



Why good men do with many troubles meet,  
And are esteem'd but a religious cheat ? }  
But that despis'd virtue should appear compleat ; }  
T' employ that faith by which the Christian lives,  
And exercise that grace God freely gives.  
For he, like a refiner, good men tries  
By troubles, and their virtue clarifies :  
He, out of love and wisdom, oft doth break  
Those foolish measures we poor mortals take ;  
Who, when we choose, too often choose amiss,  
And what we covet most, most hurtful is.  
This hath, O God, thy constant method been,  
And these the wonders that thy Church hath seen,  
Which thou hast e'er preserv'd thro' ages past,  
And wilt do still as long as time shall last.  
Thou didst just *Lot* to wicked *Sodom* send,  
Where brutish sins did much his soul offend ;  
But by a way those wretches never knew,  
Thou didst preserve him from that beastly crew.  
When *Isr'el* also stray'd from thy just rules,  
And join'd themselves to *Cana'nitish* fools ;  
Whose sottish ignorance had taught them so,  
That for relief they might to *Baal* go ;  
When they had slain thy prophets, and thy word  
And sacred service was alike abhor'd ;  
Thou didst command *Elijah* to declare,  
Their service, as themselves, abhorred were.  
From *Ananloth* the weeping prophet came,  
Who saw such wickedness would bring them shame ;  
In tears he tells them, that the time was nigh, }  
That God would visit such iniquity, }  
And who escap'd the sword, shou'd by a famine die. }  
By thee in *Uz*, where crowds of pagans dwell,  
A *Job* was rais'd, who fear'd no infidel ;  
Thy watchful providence did him attend,  
And, as a shield, thy servant did defend.

4 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Then from *Chaldea*'s superstitious land  
Thou didst the faithful *Abraham* command,  
Whose pious heart thy holy motions felt,  
Tho' he amidst a stubborn people dwelt.  
To bashful *Moses* thou didst courage give,  
To tell a *Pharaoh*, *Isr'el* should not grieve,  
But soon should both his country and his bondage  
leave.

When thou dost guide a tim'rous *Aaron*'s soul,  
He'll atheists and idolaters controul.  
Thus love at first induc'd thee to create  
A world, whose form's both beautiful and great;  
And out of nothing call these things that are,  
At whose command all nature did appear.  
Let man be form'd, the wise Creator said,  
And instantly his pow'rful word's obey'd;  
The God-like creature in perfection came,  
With all the virtues that compleat the man.  
When things impossible to us appear,  
The wise Creator doth his pow'r declare;  
And when the fig-tree's tender blosoms fall,  
'Tis then he loves her timely fruit to call.  
When dangers or calamities become  
Past hopes of remedy, and touch us home;  
Then in his love he shews his healing hand,  
And by his power timely helps command;  
That many times, from dry and barren ground,  
Sweet spices grow, and precious things are found.  
When all mankind had enter'd into night,  
And by his fall eclips'd his better light;  
When death by sin had o'er his offspring reign'd,  
And *Lucifer* extensive empire gain'd;  
When devils round them craftily did play,  
And cunning furies strong temptations lay;  
When the old serpent had such mighty power,  
And ready stood the better to devour;

When

When all the world a dismal scene appear'd,  
 And man's destruction totally was fear'd,  
 Compassion soon their drooping spirits cheat'd.  
 Behold ! the Son from his pavilion flies,  
 To earth descends in poor and humble guise,  
 Protects his creatures, takes them in his arms,  
 Till he the mighty force of sin disarms.  
 Too well his strength was to the monster known,  
 Since he from heaven headlong cast him down.  
 His peaceful presence awes the daring fiend,  
 Who trembling at his feet avoids the stand,  
 Precipitate returns to his dark cell,  
 Who in th' inglorious cause a victim fell,  
 And with th' embattl'd hosts was doom'd to hell.

## II.

Ah, dearest JESUS ! meek and humble King,  
 Fairest of all men, life's eternal spring,  
 How matchless is thy form, thou prince of peace !  
 Oh what perfections do adorn thy face !  
 What innocence, what calmness there appears,  
 Tho' nothing but reproaches fill thine ears !  
 Tho' *Isr'el*'s sons false accusations bring,  
 Thou still remainest their eternal King.  
 Tho' thou art nail'd to the accursed tree,  
 Yet saints and angels bow their head to thee.  
 There I behold thee reigning still, I AM,  
 The Son of God, the very Paschal Lamb.  
 Base man cannot dethrone thee, mighty King,  
 Nor make thee less, thou source of ev'ry thing :  
 They, scoffing wretches, may bark at the sun,  
 But cannot stop the course it hath to run ;  
 For thou at once couldst nature's frame divide,  
 And in its bowels these poor wretches hide :  
 Yet thou didst choose a royal act to shew,  
 That men thy power, goodness, both might know.

## 6 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Mercy our crimes was ready to forgive,  
Tho' red as scarlet, that our souls might live ;  
And thro' thy blood to make them white and clean,  
That by the world thy power might be seen.

### III.

O my Lord, that powerful voice I hear,  
Which rent the mountains, rocks in pieces tare ;  
That voice, whose sad astonishing complaints  
Loudly proclaims lost man's unhappy wants.  
How full of power must that voice appear,  
Which from their roots the tallest cedars tare !  
How full of terror, when it loudly speaks,  
That rocks are split, and stubborn Kadesh quakes !  
How irresistible, how great's thy word !  
'Tis sharp, and keener than a two-edg'd sword :  
How does it search this weak, this mortal frame,  
And, uncontroul'd, does all obedience claim !  
Piercing the bones and joints to th'inmost marrow,  
It wounds much deeper than a pointed arrow ;  
Dividing, by its penetrating art,  
The body, soul, and spirit, ev'ry part,  
Till it has made its passage easy to the heart ;  
There governs, with authority and skill,  
The conscience----that persecutes the will,  
When e'er it moves to act, or is inclin'd to ill.  
Then, O my heart, be moved at his words,  
That ease and comfort unto man affords ;  
My better part b'affected now he speaks,  
And know he heareth that his sins forfakes.  
Behold what lenity, what ardent love,  
Appear in JESUS, son of Great JEHOVE !  
Dost hear him cry, before he yields his breath,  
My soul is sorrowful, yea, e'en to death ?  
Canst thou hear this, and not confounded be,  
That he should languish thus, whose majesty

The

## A POEM.

7

The world's circumference, tho' large, can span,  
And crush her into atoms with his hand ?  
For him to faint, and thus to weep and mourn,  
And bear with patience such unheard of scorn ?  
For him, who doth the earth's vast pillars bear,  
And before whom all nations must appear ?  
That he, who all perfection doth contain,  
Should sink beneath intolerable pain ?  
What reason for it, mighty Prince of peace ?  
Why struck at thus, and all thy foes at ease ?  
'Twas for iniquity, man's crimson dye,  
That I might injur'd justice satisfy,  
And, by my grace, from sin men purify :  
For this I suffer'd banishment a while,  
For this was treated as a person vile,  
As tho' I had not been anointed with fresh oil.  
For this the snares of death encompass'd me,  
And all my friends forsook my company.  
My heritage, like lions from a wood,  
Did roar against me, till they shed my blood.  
O my bowels ! at this remembrance grieve,  
And thou, my flinty heart, canst thou conceive  
Him crucify'd, as 't were, before thine eyes,  
And not break forth these penitential cries ?  
O my offences ! see what you have done,  
To cause the Father to afflict his Son :  
O'er all his joys a veil appears as drawn ;  
Instead of comfort, he has sorrows born.  
Those consolations that enrich'd his soul,  
Are now with-held, and none with him condole.  
How dry and barren does he now appear !  
No showers from above descending are ;  
The very stars with-hold their influence,  
And scarce an angel stirs in his defence.  
O thou, who art within all-glorious,  
Thou joy, thou comfort of the universe,

Werc

### 8 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Were but my sins within a balance laid,  
Nothing could poize them, but this ransom paid.  
How needless then's my wonder at thy cries  
Under such heavy griefs and agonies?  
Since in thy heart God's arrows deep remain,  
Who but my JESUS could that weight sustain?  
In thee the Father does to men declare,  
That his perfections just and holy are,  
Sin thus to punish, yet the sinner spare.

{

### IV.

O blessed *Nazarite*, whiter than snow!  
The brightest sun to thee no brightness show;  
No seraphin can be compar'd with thee,  
Of all the sons that in the heavens be:  
Yet how art thou disfigured with grief!  
How do thine eyes languish without relief!  
How full of sorrow thou appear'st to be!  
Is this the face that did perfection see?  
Is this the face all angels have admir'd?  
Is this the face all nations have desir'd?  
Is this the face that *Abra'm* long'd to see,  
Dreaded by devils, and from which they flee?  
That the patriarchs ambitious were to view?  
That is become the church's bridegroom too?  
Is this the mighty He the bride attends,  
For whom she has forsook her former friends?  
That was transfigur'd, and whose face did shine  
Bright as the sun, his raiment light divine?  
On whom God did his oil of gladness shed,  
Above his fellows rear'd his lofty head?  
Whose royal robes in rich perfumes abound,  
And spread to all their grateful odours round?  
To whom did *Tyre's* daughter presents make,  
And nations sue his favours to partake?

How

## A P O E M.

9

How is he alter'd, that was once so fair !  
How sad his countenance doth now appear !  
How dull the lamp that none did ever trim !  
How is the gold, the fine gold become dim !  
Yet still he's lovely, and his graceful mien  
's perceiv'd, by looking thro' this tragic scene :  
Still he's a cordial to a fainting soul,  
A living fountain, a *Bethesda*'s pool ;  
My only joy, the rock that I rely on,  
The light of heaven, and the song of *Sion*.  
My musing soul, in sight of *Golgotha*,  
Beholds how rude they treat thee by the way ;  
And notwithstanding the affronts they give,  
Thou callest to them, Sirs, repent and live.  
Methinks I see thee turn thy wishful eyes  
In pity, love, to these thine enemies.  
O tenderness beyond compare ! art thou  
Ready to pardon them, and grace allow ?  
Altho' they nail thee to the shameful tree,  
Thou dost invite, and drawest men to thee.  
Thy wounds are sermons, and thou preachest there ;  
Those drops of blood an exhortation are  
To die to sin, repent, amend, and live,  
And so possess the mercies thou wilt give.  
Surely 'tis good I should adhere to thee ;  
Withdraw not thou, O that is death to me !  
In thee I may possess uncareful treasures,  
And in thy presence never-fading pleasures.

## V.

Lord, whither should I go but unto thee ?  
Thou art my sun, who dost enlighten me ;  
By thy bright beams I ever shall be warm,  
And, whilst I follow thee, receive no harm.

Thou

10 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Thou art my way, I wander if thou fly:  
Thou art my light; if hid, how dark am I!  
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.  
O thou, the subject of my solemn themes,  
How comfortable's thy refreshing beams!  
What progress do they make in virtue's ways,  
Who are conducted by such beaut'ous rays?  
How do they quicken virtue, and disarm  
Sin of its powers, that it shall not harm?  
How does it move and work upon the heart,  
Till it resolves with every sin to part!  
How does it melt it, and the man incline  
To love thy precepts, that are all divine?  
The birds of the air erect their nests on high,  
And to the cedar's top for safety fly,  
Secure from summer's heat, from winter's storms  
are dry:

So JESUS is that cedar, in whose boughs  
The whole believing world protection knows.

VI.

Under the shadow of it, Lord, will I,  
When in distress, or try'd, for succours fly,  
And to my soul the healing balm apply;  
Whose fruit to taste is a most pure refection;  
For under thee is only my protection.  
In thee my God and strength will I rejoice,  
For I have made thee my peculiar choice.  
Tho' all the world together should agree  
For to despise, yet I will honour thee.  
Whilst great men pass, and from thee turn away,  
My wanting soul shall for refreshment stay.

VII. Go,

## VII.

Go, ye fools, be enamour'd with your pleasure,  
 Whilst I enjoy this only lasting treasure.  
 Here's one that looketh charming in his tears,  
 Lovely as Mediator now appears ;  
 More beautiful than brightest virgin drest,  
 Tho' of the eastern treasures she's possest.  
 Lovely to me, O Lord, dost thou appear,  
 Because thou givest me my strength to bear,  
 And under thee may conquer, and the conquer'd  
 dare. }

## VIII.

O thou my strength, my weakness help requires,  
 Thy great assistances my soul desires.  
 Unable of my self, to thee do I  
 For needful aids of grace, for succours fly.  
 Send forth thy spirit to encrease desire,  
 My lamp burns not, unless thou touch the fire,  
 Thou sovereign salve, with thy restorative  
 Anoint my eyes, that I may see and live.  
 Thou brighter light, my darknesses expell,  
 Those clouds that on my understanding dwell,  
 That I may look up to thee stedfastly,  
 And feel what powers in thy cross there be,  
 To raise me from this world, to lift me up to thee. }

O then thy wisdom would to me appear  
 Both great and lovely, as thy conquests are ;  
 More charming crucify'd, than *Solomon*  
 In all his pomp, or *Craesus* on his throne.  
 My glory is in my Redeemer's cross ;  
 All things to this compar'd are dung and dross ;  
 In this lies hid vast treasures of his love,  
 Expressing peace by him with great JEHOVE.

Then

12 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

There is my trust, in JESUS is my rest,  
 He only calms the troubles of my breast.  
 As Noah did of old an ark provide,  
 And sav'd his house from the impending tide,  
 And so became the superviving heir,  
 And reap'd the benefits that promis'd were ;  
 While the incredulous did not obey,  
 Till ripen'd vengeance swept them all away :  
 So JESUS is to me such ark, to save  
 From sin, death, hell, and powers of the grave ;  
 Our mighty conqueror, and we, as him,  
 Must wrestle with, and strive to conquer them.  
 Convinc'd of this, the penitent relies  
 On him their rock, to whom the faithful flies }  
 In times of need for succours, for supplies ;  
 Who, by the methods of his dying love,  
 Procures them strength, their virtues to improve.  
 O make me then conformable to thee ;  
 Let ev'ry sin here crucified be, }  
 And then, O JESU, live, inhabit thou in me. }

## IX.

Canst thou vouchsafe to dwell within my breast,  
 Who have abus'd thy love, thy laws transgresst ?  
 Canst thou accept of such a wretch as this,  
 Whose every thought has ever been amiss ?  
 Wilt thou forgive, and spare a wretch forlorn,  
 Thy wrath restrain, too heavy to be born ?  
 Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief !  
 Where I am insufficient, give relief.  
 Thou with unerring prospect dost foresee }  
 How a free agent shall determin'd be :  
 Contingency to us is certainty to thee.  
 Thou know'st the secret bias of my will ;  
 For thou who mad'st the springs with so much skill,

The

The passion seest, by which it is inclin'd,  
 And view'st the various motions of my mind :  
 Reclaim it, as thou didst the sinful tribe,  
 In whom thou didst thy sacred laws imbibe.  
 O love me, my Redeemer, I desire ;  
 With wisdom's truths my soul benumb'd inspire ; }  
 Hold thou me up, and then I shall not tire.  
 Give me to hate what hath defil'd my heart,  
 That I may boldly bid them, ---Hence, depart.  
 Renew my strength, or how shall I refuse  
 What man's frail nature's too too apt to choose ?  
 That they may never more inhabit here;  
 Thou conqueror, unto my help repair.  
 Come quickly, Lord, my heart inviteth thee,  
 Lodge in this tabernacle, stay with me ;  
 Thou art the welcom'st guest my heart can know,  
 Till thou hast bless'd me, I'll not let thee go.  
 Lord, condescend, vouchsafe to dwell in me,  
 Let me by faith and love here dwell in thee,  
 And then how happy should thy servant be ! }  
 Much happier, my Saviour, my God,  
 Than if the angels took with me abode.

## X.

O ye besotted, stupefied *Jews* !  
 How could ye thus the Lord of life abuse ?  
 How could you so inveigh against his word,  
 Whose works proclaim him JESUS Son of GOD ?  
 Who but a God did ever raise the Dead,  
 Or call again to life the spirit fled ?  
 Who could rejoin that flesh and spirit again,  
 And make it as before, a living man ?  
 Who but that God, which *Isr'el* once ador'd ?  
 Who but his Son, by *Israel* abhor'd ?  
 Oh ! why will you afflict, torment his mind ?  
 Why still remain so obstinate, unkind ?

14 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Why will you not be to conviction brought?  
Why not believe those miracles he wrought?  
Call but to mind the former things he did,  
The blessings heap'd on your forefathers head ;  
How he from *Egypt* did them safely guide,  
And over them did day and night preside :  
The washy ouse his great command obey'd,  
And through her grised waves a path was made :  
Through paths untrod, in barren wilderness,  
He led them, and did all their wants redrefs,  
Tho' they did him with fresh temptations pres. }  
He placed them into *Cana'n*'s fertile soil,  
And gave to them the fruit of others toil.  
These things he did, to bend them to his will,  
But all in vain, their hearts were harden'd still.  
You, as your fathers did, reject, despise,  
And still attempt unheard of villanies.  
Why do you thus against his mercy spurn,  
And still with anger, rage, and malice burn ?  
You cannot live without his mighty aid,  
Who still supports the universe he made.  
What evil spirit does your hearts possess,  
That you will not his miracles confess ?  
Can you those mighty wonders think upon,  
And still persist in what you have begun ?  
Can you reflect upon his doctrine taught,  
And will you not be to conviction brought ?  
Think how he did your haunted country free  
From th' evil spirit's wretched tyranny, }  
And trAMPL'd on, nay, bound this enemy.  
But all in vain; still obstinate you stand.  
How is it, that your tongues have no command ?  
Why do you still false accusations bring ?  
Why still insult the Prince of Peace your King ?  
Think how he heal'd the sick, the blind, the lame,  
And henceforth reverence his holy name.

O JESUS,

O JESUS, what humility was here !  
A perfect model thou of patience are.  
Why does omnipotence it self conceal,  
And over Majesty thus draw a veil ?  
Why does Divinity it self debase,  
'cept mercy should, not justice, shew its face ?  
Why dost thou thus restrain, thy vengeance hide,  
But to confound and trample on man's pride ?  
What sweetness in thy temper does appear !  
In us what pride, what imperfections are !  
What contradiction must possess that mind,  
Who close their eyes, and wilfully are blind ?  
What arm can save, what rhetorick prevail,  
Where truth's receiv'd but as an idle tale ?  
When men endeavour to blemish thy word,  
Call thee Impostor, not the Son of God ?  
Oh, ingratitude to a high degree,  
First to defame, then nail thee to a tree !  
How far like them I may have acted here ;  
How great my crimes or imperfections are ;  
How much I have dishonoured thy name,  
How often put thee to an open shame,  
I know not ; but thy penetrating eye,  
At once my most minutest actions spy.  
Most kind physician, touch my sinful soul ;  
O cleanse it, purify it, make it whole.  
O love divine, blot out those written lines,  
Those red, those bloody characters my crimes,  
The *Mene tekel* ; I am found to want ;  
Thy merits can supply, thy love can grant.

## XI.

O dreadful spectacle !  
O that mine head were waters, that mine eyes  
Might run with tears for mine iniquities !

## 16 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

What shall I do to take away my filth ?  
Or how shall I obtain thy saving health ?  
O thou, who dost in purity out-vye  
The whitest lilly, or the clearest sky,  
Purge me with hyssop, and I clean shall be,  
When I am wash'd and purify'd by thee.  
O bathe me in the fountain thou hast made,  
Where sin is cover'd, and uncleanness laid ;  
Then shall I look as virtually fair,  
As the children fed on *Babylonish* shear.  
O God, for thee, for thee my soul doth pant,  
As droughty lands refreshing waters want ;  
Restles, uneasy of the weight she bears,  
Bore down, oppress'd with guilt's tormenting fears.  
Like Noah's dove, she seeks the wish'd-for ground,  
But o'er the spacious deep no rest she found ;  
In vain her pinions beat the ample air,  
In vain she tries it here, and flutters there,  
Till tired out, does to her ark again repair.  
Be thou my ark ; for, Lord, in thee I find  
A sure repose to my distemper'd mind.  
Great gate of mercy, open wide to me ;  
Oh hide me from offended majesty,  
And make a covenant of peace 'twixt me and thee.  
Ah ! who is he that can such love despise,  
That hears thee pray for all thine enemies,  
And dost for them become a holy sacrifice ?

## XII.

O lovely bridegroom of my longing soul !  
Thou only remedy to make me whole !  
Where-e'er thy sweet delightful spirit is,  
O there is rectitude of what's amiss.  
Place in my heart a principle of love ;  
Be that the spring that may my actions move ;

Let

Let it my intellectual renew,  
 O thou, whose power can all things subdue.  
 Assist my inward man with strength and skill,  
 To make my flesh obedient to thy will.  
 Be this my study and my chief delight,  
 To do the thing that's pleasing in thy sight,  
 Then comfort me, O God, in trouble's darkest  
 When-e'er I meditate or think on thee, [night.]  
 Thy love to love shall still the motive be.  
 How kind wast thou to thy hard-hearted foes !  
 As they encreas'd, thy love the larger flows ;  
 No bounds it had, nor found it any bar ;  
 Though great our sins, thy mercies greater are.  
 Much to our weaknesses thou didst allow ;  
 Tho' man was stubborn, yet how good wast thou !  
 Why should'st thou fear the shameful lot of those,  
 Whose tongues declare them most obdurate foes ?  
 Why should'st thou for such have any care,  
 Who will not of thy love or mercy share ;  
 But, as the swine do, wallow in their mire ;  
 No JESUS to rule over them they require ;  
 But yet thou dost their happiness desire.

## XIII.

Though thou could'st live without society,  
 At least thou needest not man's company ;  
 Yet love, enkindled by thy self, like fire  
 Burnt in thy breast, expressing thy desire.  
 Man was thy darling object, tho' he stray'd,  
 To him thy creature was such friendship made.  
 Was ever goodness like to this e'er shewn,  
 Or greater favours among mortals known ?  
 Oh that my thoughts, my meditations too,  
 Were but employ'd in what thy love can do !  
 Thine was no vulgar, but uncommon love ;  
 Let mine encrease, and as uncommon prove.

18 HORNECK'S *Fire of the Altar*:

The love of friends but small resemblance bear,  
What mortal's love can with this love compare?  
*David* to *Jonathan* a love did shew,  
And *Jacob's* did no alteration know,  
Full fourteen years in servitude; nor tir'd,  
Nor thought fatigue, while *Rachel* he admir'd.  
So *Moses* loved *Israel* at heart;  
For them he could with joy, with pleasure part.  
Saint *Paul* a love unto his kinsmen bore,  
And wish'd himself accrû'd for them. No more;  
These demonstrations, lovely as they are,  
As little sparks unto the sun appear:  
Their love was borrow'd from thy brighter fire,  
By thine supported, or must soon expire.  
They only wish'd they might be so resign'd,  
Their love was to a single place confin'd,  
But thine extended unto all mankind: }  
These were their friends, to whom they wish'd these.  
But those thou suffered'st for were enemies: [joys,  
Their love had mists and clouds to darken it;  
But thine was full of glory, full of light:  
Theirs was attended with inconstancy;  
Thine ever constant, and from changes free;  
And those, whom thou dost condescend to love,  
Must act and do what thou canst well approve.

XIV.

Great Emperor of souls, thou reignest where  
The power of thy foes did great appear.  
Amidst two thieves was majesty expres'd,  
And by the mouth of one aloud confess'd.  
In this thou didst thy power well display,  
By ruling hearts, and stealing them away.  
Who can survey the beauty of such love,  
And not in humble adoration move?  
What heart conceive it? O what heart can see  
Those beauties, and yet not enamour'd be?

Thine

Thine eye of pity ravishes my soul ;  
 I see thou dost man's miseries condole :  
 Thou seem'st to bear a nat'ral sympathy  
 Of all thy creatures infelicity :  
 Thou saw'st the slavery lost man was in,  
 His members willing captives unto sin ;  
 To take him from this prison, set him free,  
 Thou conquerest his mighty foe, that he  
 Might have his freedom, be at liberty.  
 True wisdom, Lord, unto my soul impart ;  
 O set it as a seal upon my heart ;  
 Rule all my members ; on thy servant's head  
 Erect this trophy, I HAVE CONQUERED.  
 Teach me the sacred paths of truth to know,  
 Content with thee the cross to undergo.  
 Whate'er reproaches virtue here sustains,  
 'T will surely prove to our eternal gains.  
 Remember me, O JESU, who art set  
 Inthron'd with royal majesty and state,  
 The better to procure for us what we  
 Cannot attain without the help of thee.  
 O then extend such favours to me, Lord,  
 As thou art wont thy chosen to afford.

## XV.

O JESU, who could hear thee cry, I THIRST,  
 What eye refrain, and not in tears to burst ?  
 Where were thy lovers, that they were not here ?  
 Alas ! in troubles who acquaintance are ?  
 What couldst thou thirst for ? but that fallen man  
 Might be implanted in thy love again.  
 What couldst thou thirst for ? but that they might  
 Released from their sins, their misery. [be  
 What could thou thirst for ? but to bring them  
 Eternal joys, rivers of pleasures are. [where

For

20 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

For this thou camest from thy realms above,  
That men might be convinced by such love ;  
For this thou leftest the angelic choir,  
T' invite poor sinners to thy banquets there ;  
For this thou didst both hunger, cold endure ;  
By miracles the maladies in man didst cure.  
For this thou wast content to want a place  
To lay thy head, when thou didst labour cease.  
For this thou taughtest in the temple, where  
Incense was offer'd, sanctify'd by pray'r.  
For this thy soul did long, this to compleat,  
Boldly rebuk'd, as mildly didst intreat ;  
For this endure the scourge, and undergo  
Such pains, O JESUS, which none else could do.  
All this was done to bring us sinners home ;  
But ah ! unthinking men refuse to come.  
'Twas this refusal made thee cry, I THIRST ;  
This made thy precious eyes in tears to burst :  
'Twas this thou thirstedst for, so loud didst call,  
When they present a hast'ning cordial.  
They measure thy condition by their own ;  
Short-sighted reas'ning ! thine's a nobler one.  
'Twas purer thoughts that glowed in thy breast ;  
'Twas love to men that caus'd thee not to rest :  
Till this was finished and made compleat,  
All cordials but this did nauseate.  
Returning sinners tears thou thirstedst for,  
All cordials but this thou didst abhor ;  
Their tears, O God, by thee were ever priz'd ;  
A contrite heart was never yet despis'd : .  
This was the best refreshing cordial [gall].  
They could have brought, when they present thee  
O break, my heart ! O weep, my eyes, and shed  
Such penitential tears as David did !  
Oh that my head were waters, that mine eyes  
Might flow with tears for mine iniquities !

And:

And like a well-supplied fountain run,  
To quench thy thirst, O most delightful son !  
A cup of trembling I have offer'd thee  
And thou didst drink even the dregs for me : }  
Ah, bitter drink ! O great indignity !  
Drink of this brook, my hearty, pious tears,  
My soul intentive on this work appears ;  
For my repenting sorrows are begun,  
Do thou encrease them, kind, forgiving Son.  
Drink of this holy water I now shed,  
Oh ! 'tis the sweat of one that's wearied ;  
One bow'd together with the weight of sin,  
Who knows what torments they involv'd thee in.  
I look to thee, thou only sacrifice ;  
On thee is all my hopes : my longing eyes  
Look up to thee to melt this stony heart ;  
O make it, Lord, in very truth to part }  
With ev'ry sin that gave thee grief or smart.  
O give me here true sorrow, humble shame,  
That I may now reflect, my follies blame.  
I wish, indeed, but what can wishes do ? }  
Can they the hated act again undo ?  
Or blot crimes out, or my bad heart renew ? }  
Oh ! no. Without my Lord, I wish in vain ;  
For what I've done, I can't undo again.  
Yet, O my Saviour, thou canst forgive ; }  
'Tis only thou canst say, Arise, and live.  
Blot out my sins, nor me in anger view ;  
O cleanse my heart, again my mind renew.  
Withdraw not from, nor cast me out of sight,  
Nor ever let thy spirit take its flight.  
The joy thy favour gives let me obtain,  
And thy supports my fainting soul sustain.  
Accept my heart, these promises I make ;  
Yearn over me, O Lord, for pity's sake ; }

22 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

Visit this vine which thy right hand did plant,  
Shine thou upon it, and thy mercy grant:  
Let it no more the grapes of *Sodom* bear,  
But grapes so sweet, that God and man may chear.

XVI.

These breathings are, my offerings I bring,  
A tribute due to thee my God, my King ;  
My longing soul thy grace and mercy wants,  
And after that insatiably pants.  
Accept thy servant, and my prayers too,  
And of thy love give me a gracious view.  
Thy love was free, let that direct me still,  
To set due bounds to my depraved will ;  
So make thy laws my pleasure and delight,  
And thou the comforter of my weak sp'rit.  
I neither rams nor well-fed bullocks bring,  
Nor oil, nor such inanimated thing,  
Nor creature but my self, to thee an offering.  
On slaughter'd bulls or goats thou wilt not feed,  
Thy altars no such sacrifices need ;  
The fowls that in the craggy rocks do build,  
The savage beast that haunts the open fields,  
Are thine, and all is thine, what e'er kind na-  
ture yields. }  
No beasts that in the forests range alone,  
Are sacrifices fit to make atone.  
The sacrifices that my God requires,  
Are holy hearts, which love and zeal inspires ;  
And sacred vows, with strictest care made good,  
That centre in the meritorious blood :  
All such as thus before him do appear,  
He will accept, and their petitions hear ;  
To such he will his saving health dispense,  
And in temptations be a sure defence.

My

My God, for thee, thou Majesty Divine,  
 My fainting flesh and thirsty soul doth pine ;  
 O when shall I this happiness embrace,  
 To be possess'd of, guided by thy grace,  
 So see the glim'ring of thy brighter face ? }  
 When with this favour shall my soul be blest ?  
 O when with JESUS shall I be possest ?  
 For his salvation greatly do I long,  
 That is my theme, the subject of my song ;  
 In that is comfort, happiness, and peace ;  
 'Tis liberty from sinning, great release ;  
 There's truly beauty, beauty excellent,  
 I'd fain be cloathed with that ornament ;  
 That whilst I'm here my longing soul may pine  
 After thy peace, O happiness divine ;  
 And to obtain it, give me grace to see  
 What ignorance, what strange stupidity,  
 'Tis to neglect to copy after thee. }  
 Oh what a stranger must he be to bliss,  
 Who longs not for thee, who art happiness !  
 What lumpish sorrow, and degenerate fear  
 Possess my heart, if thou'rt a stranger there !  
 Which thou art never to the sons of men,  
 Unless they wilfully transgres again ;  
 But when the heart shall be possess'd of thee,  
 Thou glorious pattern of sincerity,  
 Then every grace will to perfection grow,  
 And man the powers of thy cross shall know.  
 O would to God that all who breath receive,  
 Would but their reasonable service give !  
 It sure becomes the God of mercy's due,  
 Who by his grace does fallen man renew.  
 What is it more the God of peace requires,  
 But love for love ? 'Tis this that he desires. }  
 Then come, my soul, to him address your song ;  
 To him and to his name does praise belong :

To

24 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

To him give up your heart, let that repeat,  
That his unmeasurable mercy's great.  
The sons of God, the angels, happy be ;  
But man by sin's ingulf'd in misery :  
Till mercy look'd from his imperial seat  
And view'd his creature in this wretched state,  
And in his love contriv'd his crimes to expiate.  
This made him leave his throne of majesty ;  
This mov'd him to put on mortality,  
That equal unto angels men might be.

XVII.

Great darling of the Holy Trinity,  
What haste thou madest to descend to die !  
How didst thou run to save the sons of men !  
Nothing could hold or call thee back again ;  
Not thine own greatness, who art Majesty ;  
Not thine own preservation hinder thee,  
Who lovedst not thy self in loving me.  
How didst thou fly to my deliverance,  
My wandring soul from death to life advance !  
How didst thou leap in to prevent my harm,  
That so thou mightest all my foes disarm !  
From doing this nothing could terrify,  
No devils could discourage thee ; for why ?  
It was thy pleasure and thy choice for man to die.  
Thou longedst till this mighty work was done,  
In this, O JESU, sure thou wast alone.  
Those malefactors crucify'd with thee,  
What honour had they ? O stupidity !  
They saw it not, insensible they were  
Of either honour or advantage there ;  
Till one at last beheld, and stood amaz'd,  
Convinc'd, astonish'd, wishfully he gaz'd,  
Bore down by conscience innate of his breast,  
Believes, repents, and at the last confesses ;

Confest

Confest his crimes, confest thee Lord and King ;  
In modesty he begs one only thing,  
A bare remembrance, when his Lord should be  
R'instanted, and adorn'd with majesty.  
Victorious faith ! unparallell'd belief !  
O happy circumstance ! ah, happy thief !  
Elest opportunity, O thief, to see  
The door of hope, the gate of mercy free !  
They held out longer, death does them affright,  
Thou dost not shrink nor shudder at the sight ;  
But callest for him, hasten'st him to come  
To give the stroke, the stroke that seal'd his doom.  
It's death to thee, O JESU, not to die,  
So great was thy unbounded charity.

## XVIII.

Ah, my Lord, I see thy dying lips  
Grow pale as thou draw'st nearer thine eclipse.  
How soft those speeches are, that drop from thee !  
Thy words are full of immortality,  
Of more esteem than gold refin'd with skill,  
Sweeter than drops the honey-combs distill.  
Tho' death approaches for to take thee hence,  
Yet look on me, and with that look dispense  
Thy healing pardon to refresh my soul ;  
One kind forgiving look will make me whole.  
And now the glory is from *Israel* gone,  
Her joy is fled, her sorrow's coming on ;  
The Saviour of the world gives up the ghost,  
O stubborn *Israel*, what hast thou lost !  
Lord, let me die with thee, with thee revive,  
O draw me after thee, and I shall live.  
I wonder not the graves did open wide,  
Or that the bashful sun her face did hide ;  
That rocks did rend, or earth convulsive lie,  
Or blackest darkness shroud the azure skie :

D

But

26 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

But what I wonder most at, is, that they  
Weré not destroyed, quite dissolv'd away.  
While man, for whom these miracles were done,  
As unconcern'd, stood gazing, looking on,  
Resolv'd to see what the event might be  
Of this unhappy, happy tragedy ;  
While near the cross the *Roman* captain stood  
Astonish'd, crys, *This was the Son of God.*

XIX.

My crucified Lord, what ill return  
We make to thee for these thy favours done !  
Who to the blind waft eyes, feet to the lame,  
A succour sure, a help to all that came ;  
A tender father to the fatherless,  
A comforter to all in their distress ;  
The widow'd heart thou gavest cause to sing,  
And to the needy timely succours bring.  
To thee the wise gave ear, and silent stood ;  
None answer'd after thou hadst spoke the word.  
Thy counsel's sweet, and as thy speeches came,  
They struck the heart into a pious frame.  
Thou gav'st the hungry meat, the trav'ler rest,  
And thro' thy blood are all the nations blest ;  
But now the young ones make of thee their mirth,  
Children of base men, viler than the earth,  
They gape at thee, with antick mouth they sport ;  
To give affronts, what multitudes resort !  
Whilst others from thee their affections drew,  
And in thy face their nauseous spittle threw.  
They marr thy path, great's thy calamity,  
Thy welfare like a cloud is past from thee.  
Oh, how ungrateful, monstrously unjust,  
Are men to thee ! Ah, vile and sinful dust !

XX. O

## XX.

O patience infinite, beyond compare !  
Yet these invited to salvation are ;  
Thou callest on them to repent and live ;  
How ready is thy mercy to forgive !  
What's this I hear ? Is mercy then so nigh ?  
Is there yet hopes left for an enemy ?  
For me, whom such thine enemy hath been ?  
Have I not mock'd thee ? Ha'n't each wilful sin }  
Help'd nail thee to thy cross, those nails struck in ? }  
Ha'n't I derided, nay, thy suff'rings scorn'd ?  
And for such faults, how coldly have I mourn'd !  
By my impatience thee I've buffeted ;  
O 'twas my pride that crown'd with thorns thy head .  
'Twas my uncleanness that besmear'd thy face,  
And ev'ry crime thy torments did increase.  
Thy pow'r unbounded, and thy goodness great,  
I've undervalu'd thro' my vain conceit,  
And set up self to be its own defence ;  
What's this, but to mistrust thy providence ?  
So much I value or despise thy love,  
As I obey, or thy commands disprove.  
But still thou stretchest forth thy sacred arms  
To save my careless, wandring soul from harms ;  
Unwilling I should perish, be undone,  
Mercy's proclaim'd to an unworthy son.  
On yonder cross is ceas'd the warlike sound,  
And man by JESUS now with peace is crown'd :  
From thence we hear the voice of a retreat,  
He cries, It is fulfill'd, 'Tis finish'd, made compleat ;  
The Father's anger does no more appear,  
His thunder's gone, we reconciled are ;  
His vengeance ceases, his fierce wrath is laid,  
His justice satisfy'd, man's ransom paid.

28 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

Now heaven and the Father's bosom's free  
To all that thirst for to partake of thee,  
To all that followers of thee would be.

XXI.

Hear this, ye pris'ners, listen to this news,  
Receive this message, and this offer choose ;  
Ye guilty souls, come hither, enter in ;  
Come all that's laden with the weight of sin,  
Throw off your chains, run to this mighty rock,  
Open this door, enter ye sinful flock ;  
Haste to this fountain, kiss this lovely son ;  
Embrace this mercy ; dont delay, but run.  
Do you dispute the thing, if yea or no,  
'Tis best to stay, or if 'tis best to go ?  
Is't possible you can or may demur,  
Or flight the med'cine that must work the cure ?  
Can you refuse so fine a cordial,  
That will recover you from such a thrall ?  
Or shall thy Lord be crucify'd in vain ?  
Why do you rather choose to hug your chain,  
Than be at liberty, to life restor'd again ?  
O taste and see the goodness of the Lord,  
Who will at once both strength and skill afford.  
He has contriv'd it, and his works excell  
Our finite thoughts, or rhetorick tongue to tell.  
At his command the blind received sight ;  
He said, *Be open'd*, and appeared light.  
The dumb and deaf their speech and hearing have,  
And at his call the dead comes forth the grave.  
Open my lips, do thou unclose my mouth,  
That I may praise thee, tell abroad thy truth ;  
And let my ears thy loving-kindness hear ;  
Teach me how I my future life shall steer.  
Give sight unto my eyes, then shall I see  
How sweet thou art, how good, how kind to me.

Speak

Speak to my heart, in that let malice die,  
Let envy vanish, and all discord fly.

Inspire my soul, that that may never err;  
Before my own, let me thy will prefer.

XXII.

O my life, thou didst indeed fulfil  
In death the fore-determin'd Father's will.  
'Twas fit one man should for the people die,  
And free all nations from their misery.  
Ah where, good JESUS, would lost man have  
If thou hadst not appeared to his aid, [stray'd,  
And for his help and ransom such a purchase paid?  
Where for a refuge in such misery  
Should man repair, to whom for succour fly?  
We must have wander'd into caves or dens,  
Abandon'd by our God the best of friends:  
We should have liv'd in a perpetual fear,  
Dreading the king of terrors drawing near.  
Were it but possible for man t'have seen  
That place of torment, the rewards of sin,  
Which by his means we must have enter'd in;  
Lord, what confusion, horror, and despair,  
Must then have seis'd us at our entrance there!  
Eternally confus'd, the soul in pain,  
Uneasy, desperate, yet all in vain;  
No hopes of life or mercy could there be,  
Of future bliss no probability,  
Till thou, O God, on man's behalf arose,  
Cloth'd in his flesh, destroy'd his powerful foes,  
Broke off his shackles, gave him liberty  
To choose the path that brings him unto thee.  
O let me feel that pow'r thou hast gain'd  
O'er sin and death, whose strengths are now re-  
With thy supports courageously shall I [strain'd;  
The paths of virtue tread, and sin defy:

30 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

On thee, as on a rock, secure shall stand,  
By helps of grace fulfil thy just command.  
Tho' I have wander'd like a straying sheep,  
Yet if thou guide, thy statutes I shall keep.  
Strengthen my weakness, all my needs supply  
With saving strength, for unto thee I fly ;  
O ! to my wanting soul suffic'ent grace apply.

XXIII.

Thou art the bread descending from above,  
Bread that the intellectual part can love ;  
Bread that a rational soul may eat,  
*The Word made Flesh* became immortal meat ;  
Meat that will nourish, stir up, and revive  
That life we did in baptism receive,  
Whose pure regenerating act was free  
To sow the seed of immortality ;  
To give the soul perceptions, that her good  
Is JESUS, most refreshing, healthful food.  
To be such food himself he freely gave ;  
His heart was pierc'd, that he our souls might save.  
Because we disobey'd the sacred will,  
He did the law of right'ousness fulfil,  
And to that end, tho' guiltless he had been,  
Was offer'd for the universal sin.  
Thus did he freely purchase grace and love,  
Which we through him are made partakers of ;  
And to assure us of this good from heav'n,  
The bread and wine as feals are tokens giv'n :  
Through these he does his better things impart,  
To cherish and revive the drooping heart :  
To these a promise is annex'd, and we  
The thing that's signify'd, by faith may see :  
Our spirits with his spirit may converse,  
Tell all our needs, our weaknesses rehearse :

By

## A POEM.

31

By this we have communion with his blood,  
From him receive our nourishment and food ;  
Whose fruit to taste and find th'effects are so,  
Believe and do, and these in truth you'll know.  
Such feasting has the Lord prepar'd for me,  
Such tabling, O my soul, is spread for thee.  
The Lamb is slain, on him thou mayest sup,  
And find him meat and drink, a chearful cup.  
Great condescension ! advantag'ous feast !  
T'employ our faith, and have our love encreas'd.  
Where CHRIST erects his banner, there may I  
From his great fountain all my wants supply.  
Were choicest fish in the vast ocean, dreft,  
Or winged fowls that in the air do rest,  
Or forest beasts, that range in open field,  
To entertain me, they'd no pleasure yield.  
Where is the feast that can with this compare ?  
That yields such wholesome, such delicious fare ?  
Tell me not then of *Ab'suerus'* feast,  
How curious his dishes, fine his taste ;  
Nor mention make of *Belteshazzar's* fare,  
How stately he with's nobles did appear,  
How rich his goblets, great his banquets were ;  
How sweet the sound of all his harmony,  
Or how agreeable the company.  
Imagine he had ev'ry thing compleat,  
Both costly wines, delicious fruit to eat,  
And served up in a majestic state :  
But what are these, when to them you compare  
This feast, where God and Angels present are,  
And joys, celestial joys the banquet fare ?  
Here my Redeemer treats, intreats my soul  
T'accept his presents, that shall make her whole.  
His peace, are riches that his merits gives  
Unto the soul, by whose supports she lives ;

No

32 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

(No gold from *Africa*, no eastern pearl,  
Nor *Indian* stones, are half so valuable.)  
They open wide the treasures of his love,  
That we foretaste the joys that are above;  
They here unite us to the holy Son,  
And as betroth'd, are join'd in union;  
Thro' them he does returning sinners bleſs,  
And so becomes their peace and righteousness.  
'Tis with such love he entertains his bride,  
If she will in his promises confide.  
This, this is honour; these preferments are;  
This grant no royal monarch can confer.  
When crowned heads shall t' inferiors stoop,  
And slaves with princes are allow'd to sup,  
The thought is pleasant, and we soon conceit  
That we are somewhat, tho' we do not fee't:  
What value then can favours greater be,  
For creatures to sit down with majesty?  
A majesty so great, nor les the feast,  
Whose transports entertain the welcome guest?  
A feast where God presides, where he directs,  
Productive is of many good effects.  
In man must be an aptnes to receive,  
A principle of faith that can perceive  
What here is wrapped up in mystery;  
How souls are nourished invisibly;  
How words can have an aptnes to support  
The fainting spirits that to them resort.  
In thee, O Bread (*a*), what delicacies be!  
What admirable things dost thou convey!

○ what

(a) Dr. Taylor. This Bread is truly call'd the Body of Christ, because there is joined with it the vital Power, Virtue, and Efficacy of the Body. So that tho' it be a Figure, yet it is not meerly so; not only the Sign and Memorial

O what delights from such a table spread !  
What dainties are contracted in this bread !

## XXIV.

Wonderful love ! was't not enough for thee  
To manifest thy self in flesh to me ; }  
But give that flesh, my life, my food to be ?  
What pains thou tak'st to melt man's stubborn heart !  
How willing to be one with him thou art !  
How willing that we should united be,  
That we might never warp or go from thee !  
How willing is the Lord to do us good !  
And to that end he is become our food ;  
Such food (*b*), as will our weaken'd souls revive,  
And make them in the paths of virtue thrive.  
For this to man thy offices are known,  
In them thy love's express, thy power shewn ;  
Not only as a guide to man thou art,  
But as a king thou rulest in the heart ;  
A father too, whose kind paternal care  
Bids us avoid those paths where dangers are,  
And, as a master, thou commandest fear. }  
My Saviour, who snatch'd me from the lake ;  
My advocate, in whom I shelter take ;  
My priest and altar too, who sanctifies  
My morning's prayer, evening's sacrifice ;  
My mediator, intercessor too, }  
Procuring for me what none else could do ;  
Such diet, Lord, such healthful food art thou. }  
Thou saw'st that man such healthful food did want,  
Which only thou couldst give, thy love could grant.

*rial of him that is absent, but it bears along with it the very Body of the Lord, that is, the Efficacy and Divine Virtue of it.*

(*b*) *Without the quickening Power of the Spirit, the Flesh profiteth nothing.*

Thou

34 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

Thou saw'st my soul was destitute of meat,  
Unless it had such food as this to eat.

Alas ! the world her food could never be,  
For she must feed on immortality.

As well might angels feed on hay or grass,  
Or shadows for a real substance pass.

The meat that will support the soul as food,  
Springs from the merits of my JESU's blood :

He is the object that can satisfy,

He is the fountain (c) that can me supply,  
Without such food, how wretched, Lord, am I ! }

But when on thee my thoughts do contemplate,  
When on thy love my soul does meditate ;

When my desires are athirst for thee,

And to thy will my will inclines to be ;

When all my faculties in thee delight,

When thy commands are lovely in my sight ;

When they are pleasant, amiable, then

My soul hath food its nature to maintain ;

Then 'tis it prospers, cheerful is its look,

Then angels visit when the world's forsook.

For sens'al pleasures always make it lean,

Sowers its virtues, as 'tis often feen.

(c) Dr. Taylor. *He that owns Christ for his Law-giver and his Master, for his Lord and his Redeemer ; he who lays down his Sins in the Grave of Jesus, and himself at the foot of the Cross, and his cares at the Door of the Temple, and his sorrows at the Throne of Grace ; he who comes to Christ to be Instructed, to be Commanded, to be Received and Comforted : To this Person Christ gives his Body and Blood, that is, Food from Heaven. And then the Bread of Life, and the Body of Christ, and eating his Flesh, and drinking his Blood, are nothing else but Mysterious and Sacramental Expressions of this great Excellency, that whoever does this, shall partake of all the Benefits of the Cross of Christ..*

One

One act of sin of any sort or kind  
 Disturbs the soul that is to God resign'd.  
 But, O my Lord, the meat that comes from thee  
 Will make her flourish like an almond-tree.  
 O satisfy me with those streams of love,  
 That grace which thou diffusest from above,  
 My soul to fill, her virtues to improve. }

## XXV.

My Lord, my God, how plentiful may I  
 From this o'erflowing rock my needs supply !  
 How sweet's those drops which thou dost here dis-  
 O make them to my soul a sure defence, [pense !  
 'Gainst all the evil that my spirit'al foes  
 In secret whispers to my thoughts disclose.  
 Tho' they assault, and oft my peace invade,  
 Let this eclipse their power to perswade.  
 This bread will strengthen to a miracle,  
 This blood revives, and makes souls tractable ;  
 It gives 'em life, and hope, and joy, and peace,  
 The products of this kind refreshing grace ;  
 With these delights my inward man is fed ;  
 'Tis angels food, the best reviving bread ;  
 'Tis like refreshing dew, each morn that fell  
 On Sion's mount, or drops on Hermon's hill ;  
 Sion the chosen seat of Sion's king,  
 The blessing promis'd, life's immortal spring.  
 What's all the rivers of *Damascus* to  
 This river, that our God hath blessed so ?  
 Let *Abanah* and *Pharpar* silent stand,  
 For o'er their streams he hath not stretch'd his hand :  
 How pleasantly soe'er their waters flow,  
 Their purling streams no healing virtue know.  
 But from thy cross, O thou beloved son,  
 From thee who wast a sacrifice thereon,  
 Delicious streams do flow, and healing waters run ; }

From

36 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

From thee descends that everliving food,  
 Which thou hast purchas'd with thy dearest blood ;  
 Food, if we relish, will our sins consume,  
 And place delightful virtues in their room.  
 Here then, my God, with humble faith (*d*) will I  
 Devoutly wait till thou my wants supply ;  
 As present with thee, on thy merits feed,  
 And draw from them whate'er I want or need ;  
 Whilst others in their corn and wine rejoice,  
 Hither to come shall be thy servant's choice.  
 Here will I visit, here may I receive  
 That bread which thou dost to thy servants give :  
 Then, O eternal spir't, awake, and blow  
 Upon my garden, water thou it so,  
 That pleasant spices there may sprout, improve, }  
 and grow.

Then will this manna satisfy my taste,  
 And to my soul become a sweet repast ;  
 Then will it nourish her, and she will thrive,  
 And in the pleasant paths of virtue live.  
 Before my God, e'en in his presence now,  
 I promise (O accept my solemn vow)  
 Since thou art pleas'd to offer me this meat,  
 Within my soul an appetite create ;  
 Then ev'ry faculty I will resign  
 To Jacob's God; for Jacob's God is mine ;  
 He shall command those faculties he gave,  
 And be possest of what he dy'd to fave.

## CHRISTIAN.

I feel my heart is warmed with this thought,  
 My will is to this resolution brought,

(*d*) *Saint Ambrose. Christ is handled by Faith, is seen by Faith. He is not touched by the Body, nor comprehended by the natural Eyes.*

To

To turn aside, a while unbend my mind,  
And leave this transitory world behind.  
In ser'ous thoughts of meditation see  
This object that presents it self to me.  
Delightful prospect, most delightful scene,  
How full of grace and beauty is this mein !  
Oh 'tis the Son of God, that holy One,  
Who in the Father's bosom dwelt alone.  
Whose soul's enchased with Divinity,  
Is One in th'undivided Trinity,  
And claims with great J E H O V A H an equality ; }  
Yet made himself of no repute and fame,  
But took on him a servant's form and shame,  
And was himself obedient to the cross,  
In order to regain for man his loss.



E CANTO



## CANTO II.

*Of the Particulars to be observed before  
we come to the Lord's Table.*

## CONSCIENCE.

**B**ut is this all, the whole that must be done?  
Or is there more to do, and think upon?

## CHRISTIAN.

**O** Yes ; I must within my heart retire,  
And there the great stupendous love admire ;  
That love, which God by JESUS has express'd,  
In some such thoughts as these might be confes'd :  
B'astonish'd, all y'immortal pow'rs above,  
At this admired condescending love ;  
Ye choirs of angels, stand amaz'd, and see  
This condescension of our God to me.  
Though I've rebelled, yet he loves me still,  
And of such love expresses his good will.  
He sent his Son, the darling of his love,  
Lost man to save, his better part improve.  
Lord God Almighty, what is man, that thou  
Shouldst condescend for him to stoop so low ?  
What in his generation didst thou see,  
But disobedience, sin, their misery,  
With these possest, yet pity'd, belov'd by thee ? }  
Nothing am I, nor have I any claim,  
Of innocency stript, now cloth'd with shame,  
Poor sinful dust and ashes, yet dost thou  
On this mean object look, and him thus view.

O love-

O sovereign being ! didst thou ever see  
A creature so deform'd, so vile as me ?  
And yet thou goest from love's common road,  
And spreadst thy garments for man's common  
good, }  
And seal'd this friendship with thy precious blood. }  
O matchless love ! by th'angels all admir'd,  
Which they to pry into have long desir'd ;  
It passes understanding to conceive,  
And is too large for reason to receive,  
Yet what I cannot comprehend, I now believe. }  
The love which princes to their subjects shew,  
Is reciprocal, and bestow'd on few ;  
Yet when they condescend to raise up one,  
How do men court, adore that rising sun !  
Though princes love may some resemblance bear,  
What mortal's love can with my God's compare ?  
He might have triumph'd in man's stripes or  
groans, }  
And glorify'd his justice by such wounds,  
But pity has no banks, in him it knows no  
bounds. }  
It flows at large around this spot of clay,  
And far transcends what we conceive it may.  
No limits to his mercy has he set,  
For when he frowns 'tis ever with regret.  
O love, how humble, violent art thou,  
To rend the clouds, and thus the heavens bow ! }  
But who shall say unto thee, *What dost thou?*  
When thou didst rise the sinner's part to take,  
The conscious earth did at thy presence shake ;  
Thick clouds of smoak disper'd themselves abroad,  
To shroud thy coming, O incarnate GOD !  
Who left the beauteous realms of light and joy  
To save lost man, his enemies destroy..

40 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

Thou laidst aside thy robes of majesty,  
And drew a veil o'er thy divinity.

Thou cloath'st thyself in flesh with men to live,  
And dy'd that thou to others life might'st give.  
Where shall we find a parallel to this?

What tongue hath words its greatness to express?  
Oh love! I'll sing of thee, adored theme,  
Were it but possible, of thee I'd dream:  
My thoughts should be employed in thy praise,  
With thee delighted, pass an age of days.

O that I could but panegyricks write,  
How swiftly should my pen my thoughts indite!  
But ah! the subject is too large, 'tis infinite!  
Here's love, to which all sympathies must veil,  
No end it knows, but ever will prevail.

Mysterious love! how little does man know  
Of what in thee does infinitely flow!

His finite reason cannot comprehend,  
What was without beginning, without end:

He cannot find the source of this great stream,  
Nor where from whence beginning of it came.

Alas! the line of reason is too short,  
Its depth to fathom, or to reach the port.

Who can eternity's recesses know,  
Or find the spring from whence his love does flow?

What human skill can search that vast abyss,

In which the head of this great river is?

Ah, who this origin of love relate?

Who dare with Omnipotence emulate?

Who can his works, his wondrous works recount?

What thought the treasures of his love surmount!

His wisdom's infinite, unsearch'd his ways,  
His love unfathom'd, and as great his praise.

Let it suffice that men acquainted are,

That mighty love will humble sinners spare:

## A POEM.

41

It is enough, that he is thus reveal'd,  
Oh happy they, on whom it has prevail'd !  
It is enough th' Almighty does impart,  
That he'll forgive, and loves a contrite heart :  
E'en so, O Father, it seem'd good to thee,  
That, as thy self, thy love should boundless be.  
Thy love to love the only motive was,  
That th'in forcive, th'impulsive cause.  
Thou that shew'dst mercy to the ages past,  
To future ages shall that mercy last ;  
Oh thou-----  
Eternal Wisdom ! whom the Lord possest,  
Before his works of old thou didst exist :  
In the beginning, e'er the earth he made,  
When there was neither depths nor fountains laid,  
Thou wast brought forth ; before the tumid hills,  
While neither earth was form'd, nor pleasant fields.  
When he first took the compasses in hand,  
To circumscribe the world's vast tract of land,  
Then thou wast there : When th'heavens he pre-  
[par'd,

And when a compas to the deep was rear'd ;  
When he established the moving clouds,  
Which from the burning sun the earth now shrouds ;  
Before he form'd that canopy of light,  
Or on the waters mov'd his holy spir't,  
Whose brooding wings o'erspread the watry ouse,  
And vital warmth and virtue did infuse ;  
E'er thus he strengthened the washy deep,  
And gave command what boundaries to keep :  
Then thou wast by him, ever in his sight,  
Wast brought up with him, daily his delight,  
Rejoycing with him in the works he made,  
Who from eternity a being had.  
Enlighten thou my mind, those mists remove,  
That cloud my apprehensions of thy love.

E. 3.

Arise,

42 HORNECK'S *Fire of the Altar*:

Arise, my thoughts, awake, my foul, and see  
How that love smiles upon, how shines on thee.  
O see how bright it is, what charms there are,  
See, devils tremble at it, and despair ;  
Oh how they gria and fret, to think they must

[not share ! ]

But see, what glorious beams it casts on men !  
See how it warms their hearts, calls 'em again !  
See how it darts upon the penitent !  
See how it makes the obstinate relent !  
See how importunate it is with men,  
And leaves 'em not till it has conquer'd them.

II.

I must myself examine, when and where,  
Also how many my offences are,  
Against my God's great goodness, patience, love ;  
In what to blame myself, in what approve ;  
What are my sorrows, what my grief and shame ;  
What methods do I take my thoughts t'reclaim.  
Am I unfeignedly resolv'd to part  
With ev'ry sin that does pollute the heart ?  
Have I full purpose fix'd to know, then do  
What is commanded, and those rules pursue ?  
Do I sincerely, and without reserve,  
Intend those holy precepts to observe ?  
Can I prefer that will before my own,  
On no pretence the laws of God disown ?  
Can I resign my self up to his will,  
And like his Son submit, receive an ill,  
And yet be thankful, be obedient still ?  
Can I forego a profitable gain,  
And look upon the offer with disdain,  
Rather than wilfully displease my God,  
Or stain the hallow'd place of his abode ?

Do

Do I esteem or prize his love before  
The love of money, some so much adore ?  
Do I see greater beauties in his words,  
Than in the pleasures that the world affords ?  
If to these truths the conscience witness bear,  
O trim your lamp, to meet the Lord prepare ; }  
Let faith, humility, and love attend you there ; }  
And have no doubts, but that you shall receive  
Those benefits which from his cross derive.

## III.

If I have done my neighbour any wrong ;  
If slander have proceeded from my tongue ;  
If I have injur'd body, goods, or name,  
Or have by any means impair'd the same ;  
I must restore, some satisfaction give,  
Or at the least, a willing mind should have : }  
But if I am not able to restore,  
I must beg pardon, and do so no more,  
If this be all that's present in my pow'r. }  
But if he should retain his anger still,  
Will not forgive, tho' I repent my ill,  
I yet have done my Christian duty well. }  
Forgiveness is the great command of heav'n ;  
We must forgive, if we will be forgiv'n. }  
God has entail'd his pardon upon mine,  
Pardon thy brother, lest his sin be thine.

## IV.

I must survey and take a modest view,  
Of all those pains the holy JESUS knew.  
I must go with him unto Gethsemain,  
And at mount Olivet a while remain,  
And there behold how sadly he's distress'd,  
His heart bore down with grief, his soul oppres'd.  
How

44 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

How did his life draw nigh unto the grave !  
What dreadful fears death's apprehensions gave !  
How did he tread that wine-press all alone !  
How heavy was that wrath which he took on ! }  
And yet how patient, humble was the Son . ! }  
How did distress and anguish on him seize,  
While the disciples sleep, and take their ease.  
Fatigu'd with watching, nature heavy grew,  
But still their master's agonies renew.  
How did he weep and mourn, nay, sweat with grief !  
How did he swoon, languish without relief,  
Sweating uncommon sweats and drops of blood,  
Whilst hell with all her pow'rs against him stood.  
Here 'twas that he our griefs, our sorrows bore;  
That he by this might to us peace restore.  
How did he drink this bitter draught alone ! }  
(And of the people with him there was none) }  
How did his heart like melting wax become !  
How was he bound, and then to *Annas* led,  
And in his presence smote, nay, buffeted !  
He, unto whom all adoration gave,  
Was smitten by an *Idumean* slave ;  
Soon after drag'd from *Annas* to the priest,  
Who of the Lamb of God made sport and jest.  
Then before *Pilate* falsely was accus'd.  
By worthless wretches, spit on, and abus'd.  
Here did they load him that was innocent,  
With all the guilt that malice could invent : }  
Here was he set at nought by *Herod's* court ;  
Here scorn'd and deck'd in purple for their sport :  
From thence brought back, to *Pilate* he's return'd,  
By him was scourg'd, and then with thorns was  
How after this the heavy cross he bore, [crown'd.  
Till nature fainted, could endure no more.  
But then a slight survey I must not take,  
But such as will some deep impression make,

Reflecting

Reflecting that my more impurer stains,  
Have been an instrument of all his pains.  
Whene'er I think upon his bloody sweat,  
I then condemn my pride, that vain conceit,  
That brought it on him, added to its weight. }  
When on his wounds I look, oh break, my heart,  
For your revengeful thoughts has made 'em smart,  
His crown of thorns too should create a dread,  
To act those sins that set it on his head.  
And when I view the nails that tore his flesh,  
I must reflect upon my peevishness.  
How peevish I have in my troubles been,  
Was it not this that help'd to strike them in ?  
So when I see the spear that pierc'd his side,  
I think how sin my purer thoughts divide ;  
How they do wander in the time of pray'r,  
How dull, how stupid, when employed there ;  
How awkward, how unwilling to forgive  
The smallest injuries that I receive.  
I must not look upon his many tears  
Without reflection, and as cautious cares,  
How I his just and righteous paths have trod,  
Or how more loosely wander'd from my God.  
For all this help'd and forwarded his death,  
And brought down on him such excessive wrath.

## V.

I must, like JESUS, still be doing good  
In all kind offices of neighbourhood ;  
The helpless help, to the afflicted mind  
Pour in thy wine and oil, his wounds up bind.  
As *Magdalene* the precious nard did pour,  
T'anoint her master's head and body o'er ;  
The precious ointment cast its fragrant smell,  
And will her love to latest ages tell.

46 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

As JESUS washed his disciples feet,  
Or e'er he set before them bread to eat ;  
As he from bondage freed us, so should we  
From sad confinement set some pris'ner free.  
As he reliev'd us in our wretched state,  
So we should others wants compassionate ;  
And as we are refresh'd by that word,  
Who food dispenses from his holy board,  
So we to careles friends good counsel should afford. }  
As he for us did healing balm procure,  
First search'd the wound, and after heal'd the sore ;  
So we should to the sick, the poor distress'd,  
Some comfort give, and get their wants redref'sd :  
Forgive a poor man's debt, in that to shew  
How we rejoice that we're forgiven too :  
Or visit one that hates thee with revenge.  
To see if we his malice can unhinge ;  
Expressing by such acts the sense we have  
How much to us the Son of Love forgave :  
Or give a book to him who cannot buy,  
In which he may his spirit'al wants supply ;  
To shew what sense we have of being fed  
By God's pure word, which is immortal bread.  
We should deny ourselves some recreation,  
By frequent thinking upon JESUS' passion ;  
And earnestly for their conversion pray,  
Whose obstinacy makes 'em go astray ;  
T'expres our sense of that immediate care  
That JESUS did for all us sinners bear.

VI.

I must when time permits, as frequent pray  
To be directed in the sacred way ;  
To breathe, pant after God's refreshing grace,  
And prize his love, the love that gain'd my peace ;

That

That love which he has manifested here,  
And under Bread and Wine expressed are.  
That he would give me such an active faith,  
That's lively, vigorous, that courage hath,  
To press thro' all impediments I meet,  
In order to obstruct, my foes defeat.  
A faith that rectifies, reforms the will,  
Inclines it unto good, refuses ill.  
That he would give to me a contrite heart,  
That I may shun, from evil ways depart ;  
And with undaunted courage now despise  
Its foolish, empty, transitory joys.  
That he would give me a transcendant love  
To his great name, this ordinance approve.  
That he would add devotion to my pray'r,  
That what I utter in them be sincere ;  
And banish from my mind all worldly ends,  
And only from my God expect amends ;  
Resolving in my mind to imitate  
My Lord, in what is excellent and great ;  
And stop my ears against such bugbear tales,  
That flesh and blood suggests, and then prevails.  
That he would rule the motions of my mind,  
And make my will be to his laws inclin'd.  
That I may contemplate on things above,  
Till I can all those great perfections love.  
That I may know, and learn the art divine,  
That unto God I must my self resign,  
Trusting alone on his good providence,  
Who ways unthought by man does good dispense.

## VII.

I must resolve, and for the future strive  
Against those sins that past resolves survive,  
And keep the thought of such resolves alive.  
If I've neglected such a self-denial ;

{

If

48 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

If pride, ill-nature, envy be the trial ;  
If carelessness or wanderings in pray'r,  
If vain or trifling thoughts attend me there ;  
If I my vows or promises have broke,  
Or to my neighbour have ill language spoke ;  
If such a habit, or a darling sin,  
As either friends or self involve me in ;  
If either cards, dice, gaming be the crime,  
In which I spend my valuable time ;  
If I've neglected to improve the day,  
Or let the holy sabbath pass away  
Without a serious thought, or well-spent hour : }  
I must resolve to th' utmost of my pow'r  
T'avoid those crimes, and must do so no more. }

VIII.

But as a soldier who observes his guard,  
Let's nothing discompose his watch and ward : .  
So nothing should disturb a pious mind,  
Or once unbend it from the work design'd :  
Which is t'oppose each passion, ev'ry ill,  
That makes me peevish, discontented still,  
And does my conscious soul with rage or anger fill. }  
'Cause ev'ry passion now must be confin'd,  
Serene and calm the temper of my mind.  
No injuries, affronts that's past and gone,  
No secular affairs that's drawing on,  
Must now distract or discompose my breast,  
Nor in the least disturb my peaceful rest.  
But I must guard against such foes as these,  
Who interrupt my best, my pious ease.  
For what concerns my soul I must regard,  
'Cause those concerns produce their own reward.

CANTO



## C A N T O III.

*Of the Particulars to be observed when  
we are at the Lord's Table.*

## C O N S C I E N C E.

B U T what must be thy thoughts when thou  
What frame thy heart? [art there?

## C H R I S T I A N.

Ejaculations, pray'r.

Here shall my soul in contemplation move,  
By faith ascend up on the wings of love  
To heaven, and in thought, as present there,  
Behold the everlasting (a) Priest appear,  
Presenting for us, at the father's throne,  
His intercessions with his great atone;  
Which very powerfully this effects  
Pardon for penitents, whom he protects,  
And with his kind assisting grace directs.  
Thus whilst we do around his altar kneel,  
All hearts prepar'd, their inward comforts feel;

(a) In which Heavenly Sanctuary he perpetually offers up his Blood and Passion to God. And, as Man, makes perpetual Prayers and Intercession for us, Rom. viii. 34. As also he hath instituted the same Oblation of his holy Body and Blood, and Commemoration of his Passion to be made in the holy Eucharist, to God the Father, by his Ministers here on Earth for the same Ends, viz. the Application of all the Benefits of his sole meritorious Death and Sacrifice of the Cross, till his second Return out of this heavenly Sanctuary.

50 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

His holy spir't in gentle streams descends,  
And to the contrite, strength, and powers lends.  
Each virtue touches, for prepared hearts  
Stand open to receive what he imparts :  
Then ev'ry soul, that's warmed with his fire,  
With grateful notes to heaven will aspire ;  
And in unutterable sighs — expres desire. }  
As when the sun his light and heat displays,  
Some are refresh'd and warmed by its rays ;  
While others, fonder of the darker night,  
To that awake — but sleep away the light.  
From this sad darkness O deliver me,  
That I the light of God may clearly see,  
That I may taste that grace for which I long :  
And to obtain it thus employ my tongue.  
O who will give unto my thirsty soul  
Refreshing wāters from *Bethlehem's* pool ?  
Wherewith shall I appear before my God,  
Or bow my self in his most bless'd abode ?  
Shall I ten thousand lambs bring to atone,  
Or for my sins present my first-born son ?  
Shall I from stall a well-fed bullock take,  
Or from the fold a kid an offering make ?  
Can hecatombs of Beasts from *Jacob's* hills  
Appease my God, atone, amend my ills ?  
O no ! —  
No heathen sacrifice, or *Jewish* rite,  
Are now acceptable before his sight ;  
For he expresly has declar'd the good  
Which he esteems before such seas of blood :  
A just and humble heart, with meek desires,  
Is what the God of peace and love requires ;  
For justice, mercy, and humility,  
Do with his holy nature best agree.  
O my God, enable me to bring,  
A heart like that's, a valuable thing:

O make mine so, and do not me despise,  
But make my heart a willing sacrifice.  
I come to thee, to purify my stains,  
And beg thou wilt prove my eternal gains:  
O wash me in thy blood ! thou lamb of God  
And then within me take up thine abode :  
I see, alas ! experience me has shown,  
That swift as time, have earthly comforts flown.  
But ah ! by faith, what treasures do I see ? }  
What consolations are there hid in thee ? }  
Let them descend to ease, refresh, and comfort  
Thy merits, Lord, most excellent appear ; [me.  
Their value makes 'em truly worth my care.  
O turn to me that kind forgiving face,  
And make my hopes of pardon to increase.  
They will enrich those souls that bankrupts be,  
By them we are restor'd, my God, to thee :  
They will procure us heav'n, thy blest abode ;  
Give me a title to them, here O God !  
My dearest JESUS, brightest morning star,  
Thou shewest me what my transgressions are ; }  
O shine upon me, scatter them afar.  
Let me now feel thy comfortable beams,  
Which burn not, scorch not, are refreshing streams ;  
They sanctify, they polish, and adorn,  
Nourish as milk does infants newly born.  
Of man's perfections soon we see an end,  
And find they do on vanity attend ; }  
But beyond time, thy merits, Lord, extend :  
They make death subject, and his pow'r subdue ;  
They conquer hell, man's inbred passions too :  
They 'nlarge the borders of thy vast abode ;  
By them thou art become man's friend, O God.  
How have I doated on this empty bubble,  
This world of vanity, this scene of trouble !

52 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Whose fairest beauties are deformity,  
 When they, sweet JESU, are compar'd with those.  
 Thou art perfection, fountain of all joys ;  
 Thou never wantest water, never cloys ;  
 Thou givest thirst, and to that thirst supplies.

O how much better is it to be here,  
 Where thou thy seat hast chose, or dwellings are,  
 Than in the proudest monarch's court of state !

I'd rather choose the threshold of thy gate ;  
 For in thy courts one day is better far,  
 Than in another place a thousand are:  
 One hour here, which is devoutly spent,  
 Gives solid joy, yields real, true content.

Here God descends, here to his creatures bows,  
 Converses with them, and much grace allows:  
 The Lord of Lords, the great imperial Son,  
 Does such a worm as man a brother own.

How different are thy ways, O God, to ours !

We shun a *Lazarus*, if full of sores ;

And against poverty we shut our doors.

But thou receiv'st the poor, the humble soul,  
 That knows her poverty, and makes her whole,  
 How lovely's the Redeemer of mankind !

How beautiful to a returning mind !

Therefore the virgins love thee, call thee friend,  
 And with glad zeal devoutly here attend ;  
 They know a greater love could not be shown,  
 Than thus becoming for them an atone.

Cou'd their be greater signs of charity,  
 Than freely giving up thy self to die ?

What miracles of mercies these appear !

O what a token of thy love was here !

Then, Lord, I come, and at thy footstool bow,  
 My humble soul before thee prostrates low :  
 I come to thee with an intense desire,  
 To do what e'er thou dost of me require :

What

What I have done amiss, O God, forgive ;  
 Speak to my soul, and say, Arise and live :  
 Great gate of mercy open unto me,  
 Oh hide me from offended majesty,  
 And let me enter into covenant with thee !  
 'Tis this I ask, this favour to me grant,  
 For after this my frightened soul does pant :  
 Once more, my God, on terms be reconcil'd ;  
 Thou still my father art, I still thy child.  
 Do not in anger these my crimes survey,  
 But let thy love its saving health display,  
 And to my soul thro' these thy gifts convey.  
 For this, before my God I bow my knees ;  
 Tho' I have nothing of my own to please ;  
 Yet here I come, come Jesus Lord to thee,  
 Who gave thyself up on the cross for me ;  
 Oh give it now again my food to be.  
 Ennoble me this gift for to receive,  
 Whose greatness worthy is for God to give.  
 O Light of life, with thy celestial fires,  
 Raise in my soul such humble pure desires,  
 As thou my God, and such a feast requires :  
 Take from thine altar then a burning coal,  
 To melt my frozen, my benumbed soul ;  
 Let it unglew my heart from this vain earth,  
 And raise within me a religious mirth ;  
 Let it consume away all dross and tin,  
 That nothing but pure gold remains therein ;  
 Let love to thee, and thy commands prevail,  
 And then salute thy servant with, All hail !  
 Oh change my heart, oh rule this will of mine,  
 Turn all my faculties, and make 'em thine..

## III.

I now must join with all Christ's members here,  
 Who come to congregate in solemn pray'r,

54 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Must put in my perfume t' increase the smoak,  
And, as one voice united, God invoke.  
For all the univerſal church we pray,  
For princes that her ſolemn ſcepters ſway ;  
For thoſe that wait at, and his altars grace,  
To miſiſter, attend that holy place ;  
For all conditions, all estates of men,  
That conſolations may abound in them :  
All here adore, all on their knees confeſs,  
That God is good, tho' men his laws transgrefs,  
Whose pardon we implore, and beg to be  
Partakers of this love, this charity.

III.

I now muſt ſhew compassion to the poor,  
Contribute ſomething, wiſhing to do more ;  
For now I ſhould remember, call to mind  
How poor I was, how miserably blind,  
How much forsaken, and how far was driven  
From Eden's pleasant shades, the coast of heav'n ;  
Till God, the God of love, did pity ſhew,  
And then in Adam's loins did me renew.  
Lo, here I come to great Bethesda's pool,  
That God may touch my ſick, my lepr'ous ſoul :  
O stir theſe waters, that I heal'd may be  
Of my diſtempers, weak infirmity.  
Look down, O Lord, upon my wanting ſoul ;  
Thou art my great physician, make me whole.

IV.

I alſo muſt reſiſt all worldly cares,  
And leave at home my family affairs ;  
Like Lepers they muſt ſtand afar from me,  
When I approach the throne of maſteſty :  
I muſt with Mary choose the better part,  
Let Martha's ſervice not diſturb my heart :

The

The thoughts of merchandize I must abhor,  
'Cept this great pearl of price I traffick for ;  
No other bargain covenants think on,  
But what with God is making, now begun.  
I must not now torment my mind with th' thought  
How suck a trade was gain'd, or purchase bought ;  
But must reflect on God's abundant care,  
Who made me, with his son, alike co-heir.  
And when a sensual thought disturbs my breast,  
Bid it depart, for there it must not rest.



## V.

*Spiritual Reflections on the Breaking of the Bread.*

**B**ehold, my soul, what mysteries are here !  
What wonders in these elements appear !  
The bread here broken represents to thee  
Thy Saviour's passion, bitter agony :  
How was that sacred flesh in pieces tore,  
And his unspotted body rackt all o'er !  
In vain we do his murtherers accuse,  
In vain we fix the blame on cruel Jews.  
Oh my sins ! you did this barbarous act,  
The Jews were but external in the fact.  
Oh monst'rous sins ! O crimes to be abhor'd !  
Which caus'd such suff'rings to my dearest Lord :  
His sacred head by you with thorns was crown'd,  
By you his blessed side receiv'd that wound :  
You were his murtherers, by you he dy'd,  
'Twas you the blessed Jesu crucify'd.

Break,

## 56 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Break, break my heart, and flow with tears my  
And that will be a pleasing sacrifice ; [eyes,  
Which he, that thus was broken, never will  
despise ;

Nay, he will comfort thy afflicted soul,  
Thy contrite spirit bind, and make thee whole:  
He in thy wounds his wine and oyl will pour,  
His Death will heal, that you shall sigh no more.  
Behold, my soul, the broken bread, and see  
The great, the wond'rous, awful mystery.  
Here does thy JESU, to the senses shew  
His dear, amazing, dying love for you.  
This of his body the communion is,  
To shew that he is ours, we are his,  
And make up that great body mystical,  
And he the great supream, the head of all,  
Who by his spir't the body influences,  
And from his fulness grace for grace dispenses.  
Rejoice then, O my soul, be not afraid,  
The waves and billows of God's wrath are laid;  
His storm of vengeance now is hush'd and gone,  
His thunder's o'er, his favour coming on.  
Thy broken Saviour ceas'd the warlike sound,  
And man again, by God with peace is crown'd  
O break this peace no more, but still preserve  
His friendship, and thy dearest Saviour serve.  
T' abuse such love don't entertain a thought,  
Nor grieve thy Lord, who thee so dearly bought  
Thou art his friend, see that thou fo remain,  
For fear he never be thy friend again.

## Reflections



*Reflections on the pouring out of the Holy Wine.*

THUS, O my soul, thus flow'd the precious [blood  
Of the tormented JESUS, for thy good ;  
In streams it gushed from his wounded side,  
When with a spear they did his veins divide.  
Thus the rich veins the costly juice let out  
To take away thy sins, to purge thy draught :  
And O my soul, why wilt thou not be clean,  
When God has made his blood the useful mean  
To purify thee from thy dirt and filth ?  
O why wilt thou neglect such saving health ?  
This would be inexcusable in thee ;  
Arise, in *Jordan* wash, and cleansed be.  
O think, my soul, if this had not been spilt,  
There had been no remission of our guilt ;  
For from the shedding of this blood do we  
Date both our pardon and tranquillity.  
When God the Father saw his holy Son  
For guilty man a sacrifice become,  
He then beheld him with a pleasing look,  
And from his creatures his displeasure took.  
How sweet is this inestimable blood,  
That ever pleads for man's eternal good !  
It's value high, because it has redeem'd  
A world of sinners ; let it be esteem'd.  
How wholesome is it, since it can expel  
Those inbred lusts that in the heart do dwell !

What

## 58 HORNECK's Fire of the Altar :

What pity was it any should be spilt,  
Or fall upon that ground where sin had dwelt !  
'Twas fit by angels hands t' have been receiv'd,  
But earth was curs'd, and it must be reliev'd :  
Thus God in love has this expedient found  
To hallow once again the unhallow'd ground.  
O precious blood ! drop, drop upon my soul ;  
O let its healing virtue make me whole ;  
Drive out the curse, water my barren ground,  
Lop off the thorns, let pleasant fruits abound.



## VI.

### Ejaculations while standing at the Altar.

#### *An Act of HUMILITY.*

I Come, O Lord, thy mercy to adore,  
My own defective wretched state deplore ;  
I come to thee, and at thy footstool bow,  
Lord, I no merit plead, yet grace allow ;  
And with amazement view thy wond'rous love,  
That at thy board thou should'st such guests ap-  
I am not worthy to approach thee here, [prove.  
My sins create in me a cautious fear ;  
If thou dost mark what we have done amiss,  
Lord who's the person then that worthy is ?

#### *An Act of FAITH.*

But oh ! behold me in thy holy Son,  
Look on me only for his sake alone,  
And through the merits of his great atone : }  
O hear

O hear the cry of his most precious blood ;  
In my forgiveness be it understood :  
Let it not speak, not speak as *Abel's* did,  
And call for veng'ance on my guilty head,  
But by his agony, his bloody sweat,  
His holy life and death, his passion great ;  
By all he suffer'd on the sacred tree,  
O save my soul, good God deliver me !  
O lamb of God, unspotted sacrifice !  
To thee I look, O do not me despise ;  
Grant me thy peace, which only thou canst give,  
Peace with my God, and in his peace to live.  
In mercy speak, speak, Lamb of God, to me ;  
O say, My son, thy sins forgiven be.  
For me unto thy Father intercede,  
And let thy merits for a sinner plead ;  
Give me a shelter in thy wounded side,  
'Till my offended God is pacify'd.  
O spir't of grace! inimitable light !  
My heart desires thee, my soul's delight !  
Be present with me ; O come, enter in,  
Thou only givest liberty from sin.  
O warm my heart with thy celestial fire,  
My willing soul with love and zeal inspire.  
Let me rejoice in thee ; O sanctify  
This vessel, empty't of its vanity,  
And fill it with thy sweet refreshing grace ;  
And in my breast take up thy resting place.

When



VII.

*When I receive the holy Bread, my Mind  
must vent it self in some such holy  
Breathings as these:*

O GOD, this sacred bread brings to my mind,  
How the unspotted Lamb his life resign'd ;  
How he was offer'd an atone for me  
To reconcile my sinful soul to thee,  
And from the guilt and pow'r's of sin to set }  
man free. }

In doing this, he is my chiefest good,  
My soul is satisfied with such food.  
My God, my Saviour, I take thee here  
My Lord and King, my Master, whom I'll fear.  
Let thy good spirit take in me abode  
To rule my heart ; thy foes disperse abroad,  
That I may henceforth serve Jehovah as my God,  
Who loved me. O love beyond degree !  
Th' offended dy'd to set th' offender free !  
And here I dedicate my life, my soul, to thee.

Or,

O MY JESU, my life, my comforter !  
Thou dy'st that I may live for evermore !  
Lord, I believe, and thee my God adore.  
As this shall mingle with my substance now,  
So let my soul to thee subjection owe ;  
Let thy good spirit make me truly thine,  
So shall thy will, O God, be always mine.

### VIII. *When*



## VIII.

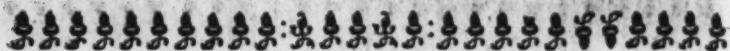
*When I receive the holy Wine, my Thoughts  
must still be at work, and address them  
selves to God in Christ JESUS, some  
such way as this :*

*Either,*

O Blessed balsam to a wounded heart !  
Welcome, thou sovereign salve ! to me impart  
Thy healing virtues ; them will I apply  
To heal my wounds : O help me, or I die !  
Wash me, O Lord, and make me white as snow ;  
Give me the power of thy cross to know.  
Tho' I've deserv'd a cup of thy displeasure,  
Yet thou hast fill'd it with salvation's treasure.  
I will remember who to me's thus kind,  
Will love him, and his statutes keep in mind.

*Or,*

O THOU, who art the shepherd of my soul,  
I blush to think my sins have been so foul,  
To cause thee thus thy sacred blood to spill,  
In order to atone for so much ill.  
Thou, Lord, hast turn'd my darkness into light,  
By contradictions thou hast cur'd my spir't :  
That blood my sins have caused thee spill,  
Thy goodness makes my only refuge still :  
O look upon thy wounds, and hide me there,  
In thy kind intercessions let me share.  
I know not how enough this love to prize ;  
O teach me to do that that may suffice :  
Let me conform unto thy sacred will,  
My crosses bear, and thee to follow still.



## CANTO IV.

*Of the Particulars to be observed after  
we have been at the Lord's Table.*

### CONSCIENCE.

AND is this all you must observe or do ?

### CHRISTIAN.

O no, I must again my praise renew,  
Devoutly to my God I must repair,  
And bless his name for my admittance there :  
Sweet anthems must employ my heart and voice,  
And with his multitude of saints rejoice :  
My tongue must now his righteous acts proclaim,  
Who sent his Son to save lost man from shame.  
Then summons all your thoughts to enter in,  
And let your meditation thus begin.  
Whence is it, that *Jehovah*, king of kings,  
Whose penetrating wisdom knows all things,  
Before whose eyes the heavens are not pure,  
Nor even angels, that his pow'r revere ;  
That he should condescend to visit me,  
Vile dust and ashes, sin and misery,  
Only to help my inability ? }  
O my JESU, to whom dost thou thus bow ?  
Or what's the creature that thou stoopest to ?  
A den of thieves, an habitation where  
Dishonour dwells, and many vipers are ;

Where

## A P O E M.

Where pride, ambition, avarice reside ;  
And where too oft uncleanness does abide.  
How often hast thou cleans'd my heart, O ...,  
To take in it, thy residence, abode ?  
How often have I promis'd to remove  
And put far from me, what thou canst not love ?  
But, ah ! my frail, my weak, inconstant heart  
Still falls a prey to, hugs the poison'd dart.  
Is't possible that God will dwell again  
Within that house which sin did entertain ?  
Is't possible that he will come to feast,  
Or sup with his unprofitable guest ?  
O yes, my Soul, 'tis possible, 'tis done ;  
Thine eyes have seen the mighty work begun.  
This day in mercy he admitted thee  
To eat and drink with royal majesty :  
This day did he vouchsafe to lend an ear  
To thy complaints, and heard thy mournful pray'r :  
This day hath he been pleas'd with thee to sit,  
Tho' thou hast been so vile, thy sins so great.  
O God ! I own I have abused thee,  
Despis'd that love which has preserved me,  
To please a murtherer — what han't I done ?  
O horrid fact ! help'd crucify thy Son.  
My sins have made those wounds to bleed afresh,  
In which my hopes were I should find redress.  
O how my flesh hath drawn, my fetter'd soul  
To baffle, when thy laws my will controul !  
How truly bad, and yet how seeming good,  
Are what we call the laws of flesh and blood !  
We plead necessity for what we do,  
And give our vices names of frailties too :  
By these false reasonings do we deceive  
Our better part, while thus in sin we live ;

64 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

But that which ought me to repentance move,  
Thy goodness, patience, long-suff'ring, love,  
I unaccountably neglect, do not improve.

Lord, what was it that so attracted thee ?

What could'st thou in us wretched mortals see,  
To leave thy blest abode, and dwell with misery ?

O JESU ! —

Water my soul with thy most holy tears,  
That virtues may spring up instead of tares ;  
And let those griefs, those sorrows thou hast felt,  
My stony heart into contrition melt :  
Let ev'ry scourge, or stripe thou didst receive,  
So touch till I resolve my sins to leave :  
Make thy derisions my support, my stay,  
That no adversity may me dismay.

And as thou didst for us those sorrows bear,  
So of their great advantage let us share.

Reign thou as king over my better part,  
And let thy spirit dictate to my heart ;  
That that may ever take delight in thee,  
That thou may'st never leave, or turn from me.  
What thou hast done are bonds upon my soul ;  
They bind me fast thee never to controul.

Let me not look on things as they appear,  
But think what their intrinsick value are.

What is this world, or any thing therein ?

What are the pleasures of deceitful sin ?

What are the riches we so much admire ?

Or what that charms our vehement desire ?

Can they relieve the gout, or aching head ?

Or give us hopes upon a dying bed ?

Can they procure to us our peace with God ?

Or waft us up to his most bless'd abode ?

O no, their beauties are deformity,

When with my JESU they compared be :

He only's mine, in him my soul exists ;  
In him alone my happiness consists :  
He feeds among the lillies, pure's his way ;  
His beauteous paths out-shine the perfect day.  
O that thou wast more lovely to my soul,  
That thou might' st govern, more my will controul!  
Thou real honour to my better part,  
How pleasing is thy presence to my heart !  
Thou knowest what my great desires be,  
Take from thy servant what displeases thee ;  
Give me a calm, a meek, a quiet mind ;  
A heart that can at all times be resign'd ;  
A heart obedient to thy sacred will ;  
A heart in which my God can choose to dwell ;  
A tender, melting, sympathizing soul,  
That wou'd relieve, my neighbour's griefs condole ;  
A disintangled heart, at liberty  
(An heart of flesh) to love thee perfectly.  
To magnify the Lord, my God to praise,  
My grateful soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise :  
With private friends, and in the num'rous throng,  
Of purer saints, his praise shall be my song.  
His mighty works for greatness are renown'd :  
Tho' wond'rous, yet with greatest ease are found  
By those who diligently seek aright,  
And in the pious search take a delight.  
His matchless works are all of matchless fame,  
And also univerfal glory claim :  
His truth confirm'd thro' many ages past,  
Shall to eternal ages ever last.  
By precept he his people has enjoin'd  
To keep his memorable works in mind,  
That to posterity they shou'd record,  
That good, compassionately good's the Lord.  
His flowing bounty, like a springing tide,  
Hath all his needy servants wants supply'd ;

## 66 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

And he, the God of truth, will keep in mind  
His holy cov'nant, with our fathers sign'd.  
At once astonish'd, at the sight o'erjoy'd,  
His people saw his matchless pow'r employ'd,  
Whereby the heathen people were distress'd ,  
And we were of their heritage possess'd.  
Just are the dealings of his holy hands,  
Immutable for ever his commands ;  
By truth and equity they are sustain'd,  
And for eternal rules to us ordain'd.  
He set his fetter'd saints from bondage free,  
With them established his firm decree,  
For ever to endure, remain the same :  
Holy and reverend is his great name.  
He takes the poor and needy from their cell,  
Advancing them to courts where princes dwell.  
O then adore, extol his matchless fame,  
And in his house, ye servants, bless his name.

### II.

I must for all the congregation pray  
(That did communicate with me this day)  
That God wou'd feed them with his holy word,  
And cleanse them by th' effusion of his blood ;  
That they may not receive his grace in vain,  
But keep that promise they've renew'd again,  
And under JESUS manfully to strive,  
And keep those holy purposes alive,  
That Christ may reign in them victoriously,  
And govern'd by his Spirit they may be ;  
That from it's mighty influence may spring  
The spirit of love, joy, long-suffering,  
Peace, goodness, faith, and gentleness of mind,  
The fruit of temperance, with meekness join'd ;  
That they, who love the sacred name of Christ,  
May be partakers of this Eucharist,

That

That ev'ry member may come suitably,  
 Like persons who seem sensible to be  
 How great's that favour, and how large that love,  
 Which they have now been made partakers of.

## III.

I must be thankful for this honour done,  
 The kindness as a great preferment own,  
 That God shou'd at his table give me place,  
 Admit me (tho' unworthy of such grace)  
 Among his children, who partakers are  
 Of all his promises confirmed there ;  
 That he shou'd take me in his loving arms,  
 Whose mighty strength my wonted foes disarms,  
 And by his spirit entertain me there,  
 And gives me of the tree of life a share.  
 The words of *David* here may I apply,  
 And taught by him adore the Lord most high ;  
 With his salvation crown'd, in him rejoice,  
 And unto heav'n raise my cheerful voice ;  
 What e'er my lips requested he did grant,  
 With his acceptance blest with what I want.  
 His wonted goodness, and his tender care,  
 Have all my hopes out-gone, out strip'd 'em far :  
 I asked life, and life my pray'rs attend,  
 A length of days that never shall have end.  
 My glory is in his salvation wrought,  
 That happiness employs my wond'ring thought ;  
 Those mighty blessings do my joy increase,  
 While God unclouded shews his brighter face ;  
 Secure on him my soul for aid relies,  
 His Mercy still supports, my wants supplies,  
 And when my subtil foes design me harm,  
 His mighty grace, his out stretch'd mighty arm, }  
 Defends me still from their malignant charm. }

Thus

### 68 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Thus, Lord, to me thy wondrous strength disclose,  
Whilst I to thee glad songs of praise compose.

I must, when I'm at home, still praise the Lord,  
His praise is comely to declare abroad ;  
The upright shou'd their joyful voises raise,  
It well becomes them to sound forth his praise,  
Thus did the cripple, when he healed was ;  
But, ah my soul ! thou hast the greater cause,  
For God has heal'd thee, he thy sins forgives :  
And from eternal death thy life retrieves.  
After a ling'ring sickness makes thee sound,  
And has thee with his grace and mercy crown'd :  
And shall not thou, my soul, with grateful love,  
Of such a favour ever thankful prove ?  
Shall not my heart him magnify and bles ?  
Shall not my tongue those grateful thanks express ?  
I will adore and bles my God and king,  
His endles praise the tribute that I'll bring ;  
No day shall pass, or morning slide away,  
Till unto him I do such duty pay ;  
And when the evening approaches nigh,  
My praises shall ascend the heavens high.  
O come, ye servants that attend my God,  
Come all that visit in his blest abode :  
O come all ye ; attend with heedful care,  
Whilst I, what God hath done for me, declare.  
His love hath overcome and bears the sway,  
His goodness hath remov'd my sins away,  
And to my soul doth needful grace convey.  
Had not the Lord been pleas'd to interpose,  
My cause espous'd, when sin against me rose ;  
When all my passions rag'd without controul,  
Their mighty floods had overwhelm'd my soul.  
But prais'd be him, who rescu'd me that day,  
Nor to their savage jaws gave up the prey ;

My

My soul has like a bird escap'd the net,  
Their hopes are cross'd, and I'm at freedom set ;  
Secure in God, my confidence remains,  
Who both in heav'n and earth sole monarch reigns.

## V.

Be'ng thus made whole, sin wilfully no more,  
Avoid it to the utmost of your pow'r ;  
Take heed (you're wash'd) do not your self defile,  
But shun th' occasion; shun the tempting wile.  
I must be cautious, and afraid of ill,  
Must lay restraints on th' motions of my will ;  
When sinful thoughts within my breast shall  
And prompt desire to acts of sinful love, [move,  
'Tis then that I must act, my faith employ,  
And in it's infancy the sin destroy ;  
Bid then adieu to unbelief, to sin,  
Or any base accomplices therein,  
Adieu to all mistrust of providence,  
Or any secret thought of diffidence ;  
Depend on God, and him alone obey,  
And in temptation he will be thy stay.

## VI.

I must my actions frequently compare,  
And see if they agreeable appear  
To those my solemn vows which I did make,  
When of the Sacrament I did partake ;  
Each day I shou'd my self examine how  
I'm over aw'd by my last solemn vow.  
If hatred to a sinful act increase,  
And virtue finds within my heart a place ;  
Can I a master of my passions be,  
When they to sin have a propensity ?  
Can I those great disorders then appease  
With such reflecting holy thoughts as these ?

70 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

Is this th' effect of thy late solemn vow ?  
Is this t' oppose, or fight thy master's foe ?  
Is't possible that his dear precious blood  
Cannot restrain, persuade thee to this good ?  
Foolish creature ! shall transitory pleasure,  
Deprive thee of thy everlasting treasure ?  
Art thou not tied by thy solemn vow  
To his obedience ? and yet still can you  
By disobedience so his spirit grieve,  
When nothing but his blood cou'd you relieve ?  
Can you presume, are you not well assur'd  
A pardon's not so easily procur'd ?  
Consider what thy Lord and master did,  
And for what end his precious blood he shed ;  
Was it that thou a sinner still might'st be,  
Or to release thee from that slavery ?  
Let such reflections on thy master's death,  
Weaken thy passions, but excite thy faith ;  
Let it depress thy love to any sin,  
And let thy soul take a delight therein ;  
Each day observe how 'tis thy graces thrive,  
Let no weeds grow, or with thy virtues live.

VII.

I must now learn, and practice self-denial,  
In things that lawful are, begin the trial ;  
In meat and drink, in cloaths be moderate,  
In ease and sleep, in things that recreate,  
In ev'ry action a decorum have,  
Be not too nice, or proud, nor yet too grave.  
Take heed you do not often eat too free,  
Nor after meals to drink insatiately ;  
But now and then choose a religious fast,  
And sometimes what you like, refuse to taste ;  
To bend the will, and that to mortify,  
That so it may to ev'ry good comply.

If

If am rich, I must not be profuse,  
But give that surplus to some pious use.  
A needy neighbour, or a former friend,  
Never forget, but something give or lend ;  
Consider God is a wise architect;  
Who made the world, and does the same direct.  
Why has he made me rich, another poor?  
Why this but little wisdom, that the more ?  
Why has he made one strong, another weak ?  
Why this a better orator to speak ?  
T' express his wisdom, and cement our love,  
That reciprocal kindness might improve.  
Like a compacted building made complete,  
The rich and poor do here together meet ;  
The husbandman, allotted to his toil,  
To till and cultivate the barren soil,  
Commencing with the sun, securely goes,  
With him returns unto his night's repose ;  
Whilst the rich man religiously enjoys  
What heaven gave, and to his praise employs  
His greater affluence to help the poor,  
And to the helpless forth some succours pour ;  
How various, Lord, to us thy works are found !  
The fertil earth is with thy treasure crown'd,  
For which we ought thy wisdom to adore,  
Since nature's hand is full, can grasp no more.  
If (as a youth) I might a youth advise,  
I'd teach him first his tender years to prize,  
To spend 'em in an early piety,  
T' observe and keep to strict sobriety ;  
If you and I be merry, let's be wise,  
Keep innocent, unfullied virtue prize.  
Our tender years our weaknesses expose ;  
Our passions lie as open to our foes :  
Unguarded virtue too too soon complys,  
And then to vice becomes a sacrifice ;

By.

By being unacquainted with the world,  
 Like balls we're tossed, till at length we're fool'd;  
 Buoy'd up by one, deceived by another,  
 Perhaps debauch'd by a friend or brother;  
 With them we drink, and then too oft comply  
 With this friend's lewdness, that's debauchery;  
 O who is safe, or rather who is true,  
 When friends thus strive each other to undo!  
 Let you and I be always on our guard,  
 For virtue brings with it it's own reward.  
 He is my friend who scorns a base pretence  
 To trap, or strip my tender innocence:  
 Therefore avoid, read not a smutty play,  
 No revellings frequent by night or day,  
 But be still circumspect, your actions try,  
 Live all the day as thou wouldest wish to die:  
 Let you and I redeem the time we've spent,  
 By being watchful, double diligent;  
 To holy virtues always well inclin'd,  
 And to that end retain a sober mind;  
 Let us our youthful passions mortify,  
 And all those faults that do in secret lie,  
 Known only to our selves, and God's all-seeing }  
 [eye.]

As to our neighbour, let our censure be  
 From envy, hatred, and from malice free, }  
 And think the best, where we no evil see;  
 This will redound much to our future fame,  
 At present shelter us from secret shame;  
 'Twill make us like unto our chiefest good,  
 Who knew the weaknesses of flesh and blood.



## C A N T O V.

*A Thanksgiving after Receiving, for publick  
and private Mercies.*

W Hat worthy thanks can I return to thee,  
O holy, blessed, glorious Trinity,  
For all these benefits I have receiv'd,  
Since thou from sin and death, my life retriev'd?  
Awake, my outward and my inward man,  
To sing his praise, whom all thy thoughts can scan;  
As at the first the morning stars did sing  
With shouts of joy to the almighty king;  
When he the spacious earth's vast pillars laid,  
And by his power her foundations staid.  
Oh whence is it, that thou my Lord, my God,  
Shoud'st condescend to visit my abode;  
Whence is it, that so poor a wretch as me,  
Shou'd of thy mercies a partaker be?  
Thou hast me with thy loving kindness crown'd,  
And at thy table I've reception found;  
Those streams of love this day have water'd me,  
That flow from paradise's living tree;  
Tho' I deserved to have been abhor'd,  
Yet God has fed me at his holy board.  
What honour's this that is confer'd on me,  
That all my sins shou'd now forgiven be!  
Let gratitude enkindle in my breast  
A love, whose fire will not let me rest,  
Till I've address'd and prais'd that mighty love,  
Who towards me did such compassion move.

H

Who

Who wou'd not praise thee, if they cou'd survey  
The pompous state that I have seen this day ?  
The Father has embrac'd me in his arms,  
The Son with blessings powerfully charms ;  
The Holy Spir't descended from above,  
T' assure me of such great, consummate love ;  
O holy, holy, holy God and Lord !  
T' embrace a creature that might be abhor'd :  
What condescension's this ! to stoop so low,  
And to so vile a sinner thus to bow !  
How have I wallowed in dirt and mire,  
To frequent sinning had propense desire !  
Yet still my God abounds in tender love,  
And still his waken'd wrath doth slowly move ;  
Tho' I've deserv'd to taste of his displeasure,  
He giveth me the bread of life, a treasure.  
Altho' a cup of trembling's my deserts,  
Yet he a kinder cup to me imparts.  
O my foul ! adore, and thank thy God,  
This work of his declare and tell abroad ;  
Tell, that his mighty hand alone can save,  
Tell, that he mercy had, and still will have :  
He's bountiful to *Adam*'s race that fell,  
And gives them water from salvation's well,  
Even from *JESUS*, who was crucify'd,  
In whom we take our rest, in whom confide ;  
In him returning prodigals may rest,  
And on his merits most divinely feast.  
O honour ! dignity ! compassion ! love !  
Which the redeemed of the Lord spake of !  
Ev'n they, whom he from bands of foes releas'd,  
And brought them back from north, south, west,  
[and east.]  
Thro' lonely desert ways his people went,  
'Till they were quite with thirst and hunger spent,  
Nor

Nor could they place, or peopled city find,  
Fatigu'd in search, their fainting souls were pin'd;  
Then soon to God, to his indulgent ear  
Did they address their cry, their mournful pray'r,  
Who saw their troubles, and their griefs redres'd,  
And freed his people when they were distress'd:  
From desert crooked paths he led them forth,  
To towns well peopled and of great resort;  
And in the certain way he was their guide,  
To bring them where their wants were well supply'd.

Oh then that all the earth wou'd God but praise!  
Who thro' the wond'ring world his works displays.  
Then to his sacred temple I'll repair  
To thank and praise my great deliv'rer there.  
Within those gates of his abode I'll press,  
And there his most adored name will bless.  
The stone which once the builders have refus'd,  
Is now the corner stone, and only us'd;  
This is the work, the wondrous work of God,  
And very worthy to be told abroad.  
If I forget my Jesu, or forbear  
To chant his praises with a cheerful air;  
Then let eternal silence seize my tongue,  
If I refuse my great deliv'r's song.  
He has regarded all my sighs and tears,  
Has taken notice of my plaints and pray'rs;  
Whate'er my lips requested, he did grant,  
With his acceptance, blest with what I want.  
Within God's house and at his altar there,  
My soul has poured out her humble pray'r;  
There with his royal dainties was she fed,  
And made partaker of his holy bread.  
From Bethlem's pool refreshing water I  
By faith have drawn, my thirst for to supply:

76 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar* :

The dearest purchase of my Saviour's love,  
 I now have been a great partaker of ;  
 His peace, his pardon, with a right to have  
 Those many blessings he by promise gave,  
 With the assistances of his good spirit,  
 Ev'en all that grace and favour he did merit.  
 This is the food those symbols represent,  
 This only gives the Christian man content ;  
 This is his glory, this his greatest boast,  
 That JESUS feeds him with the Holy Ghost ;  
 By this blest food it is my spirit lives,  
 This is the food that God his servants gives ;  
 This thro' his pow'r will our souls preserve,  
 That from the sacred path we never fserve ;  
 This is the bread that nothing can consume,  
 And this the wine that's purchas'd without sum ;  
 No price for this, O God, dost thou require,  
 But the obedient heart thou dost desire ;  
 No gold, no jewel's like the contrite soul,  
 Whose putrify'd sores thou makest whole ;  
 This is the sacrifice that I wou'd bring,  
 Accept this heart, this valuable thing ;  
 'Tis thy desert, O challenge it as thine,  
 For thou has made it willing to resign ;  
 Thy grace did melt it, O consume it's drofs,  
 And cleanse it by the triumphs of thy cross.  
 All that I have is thine, from thee it flows,  
 My soul no other spring or fountain knows.  
 Thou art the source of all the good we have,  
 For they are what thy gracious spirit gave ;  
 Our good intentions, each religious thought,  
 Each good resolve, by thy pure spirit's wrought,  
 By that is ev'ry good unto perfection brought.  
 My praise shall be of thee, while I declare  
 Among thy saints, how great thy mercies are,

That }

That God is good (by all these proofs 'tis plain)  
To such his saints whose hearts are pure and clean.  
Then cleanse my heart, let me thy goodness feel,  
I am thy patient, O physician, heal !  
Thou art my father, I thy handmaid's son,  
My master thou, my teacher thou alone ;  
Let thy good spirit guide me, lest I stray  
Or wander from the ancient good old way.  
Forbid that I shou'd e'er account it loss,  
To boast or glory in my JESU's crois ;  
From him that was a sacrifice thereon,  
These only valuable riches come.  
O that the world was crucify'd to me,  
And I unto it's vain felicity !  
Then shou'd I in thy love alone rejoice,  
And thee, and thy commandments make my  
[choice,

In them perceive thy goodness, and thy love,  
Thy wisdom, power, I adore, approve.  
I see what pains thou takest, O my God,  
To make me fit t' enjoy thy blest abode :  
Then from my mind all ignorance remove,  
Which clouds my apprehensions of thy love ;  
Make me to know there can be no true bliss,  
But what is found in ways of righteousness ;  
No comforter but thee the righteous knows,  
Thou teachest them to overcome their foes,  
And to that end true wisdom dost disclose. }  
Then, O my soul, for ever bless the Lord,  
Who does at once both strength and skill afford ;  
His needful aid he ever will impart,  
Till he has made thee perfect in that art.  
His goodness is my fortres, my high tow'r,  
In him I trust, whose only matchless pow'r  
Can make my foes unto my sway to yeild,  
Who in the battle's my defence and sheild ;

78 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar.*

Thou dost prevent me with thy special grace,  
Which makes my hope of glory to increase ;  
Seal'd by thy spirit to redemption's day,  
In fire, but certain hope, time flies away.

Thou art my past, my present, future good,  
On thy unerring word my hopes have stood ;  
Let all the earth then celebrate thy fame,  
Let all the people praise *Jehovah's* name ;  
Oh that the sons of men wou'd know thee here,  
That they were wise, and wou'd thy judgments

[fear !

Then soon they wou'd thy mighty power feel,  
And on their hearts thy charming love prevail.  
O thou the darling of the great *Jehove,*  
Whom all the upright cannot choose but love ;  
Tho' I'm unworthy to be number'd there,  
Yet I presume among them to appear ;  
And with this highly favour'd num'rous throng,  
Make love the theme, the subject of my song,  
Because thou didst my troubled soul compose,  
And calm'd those thoughts from whence my

[troubles rose,

By taking off my heavy load of sin,  
Their guilt remov'd, as tho' they had not been,  
And by thy spirit fresh supplies of grace pour'd  
in.]

As I expect forgiveness, so will I,  
From all my former known transgressions fly ;  
In true obedience shall my heart be found,  
That guilt and shame may never me confound ;  
As thou hast all my sins, my sorrows born,  
My glory too procured by thy scorn ;  
My ease th' effect of thy tormenting pains,  
Thy misery has purchas'd my gains ;  
Therefore shall JESUS in my deeds appear,  
His laws th' imperial diadem I wear ;

Of

Of him I'll sing, and ever bless his name,  
He only shall my constant praises claim ;  
My meditations on him shall be sweet,  
When by obedience I my songs complete..

O great *Jehovah* ! I rejoice to hear  
All knees must bow, all hearts must JESUS fear, }  
Both heaven and earth, yea, all the powers there. }  
O that the world wou'd adoration pay  
To JESUS, and his wholome laws obey !  
For he is good, of many gifts possest,  
Which he dispenses where he sees 'tis best.  
I joy in his accomplishments of grace,  
In ev'ry virtue that adorn'd his face ;  
In all the mercies unto angels given,  
In all the bliss that they possest in heav'n,  
In all their purity and innocence,  
In whatsoever there may influence.  
Their love, or ministerial care for those,  
Whom thou hast heirs of thy salvation chose ;  
I joy in all that grace thou didst bestow.  
On thine apostles, on their hearers too ;  
In all the wond'rous miracles they wrought,  
Whereby the world was to conviction brought ;  
In their vast knowledge, and well temper'd zeal,  
In every grace, by which they did prevail ;  
For in all these, thou Majesty Divine,  
Thy arm was seen, thy greater light did shine ;  
That all that they have done, or wrought, or  
Is written for, and our instruction made. [said,  
I joy in all that good thy saints enjoy,  
That blessed gospel that did them employ ;  
In those resplendent virtues of the mind,  
That did adorn, their inward man inclin'd ;

That

80 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

That thou dist honour them with th' name<sup>of</sup> of  
[friends,  
And with those favours that to friendship tends ;  
For when they were distress'd, to danger driv'n,  
Thy power interven'd, thy help was giv'n ;  
Thy hand supported their infirmities,  
And thy good spirit all defects supplies  
That purify'd, and did fresh strength renew,  
And added briskness to their spirits too ;  
It gave them courage in the cause engag'd,  
And still preserv'd them, tho' the people rag'd ;  
Still keeping them from evils drawing near,  
And was a rescue when they tempted were ;  
It made them calm, serene in midst of strife,  
By promising to them a better life ;  
I joy in all thy love to sinful men,  
In thy admonishing, intreating them  
To save themselves, t' return, repent, and live,  
And to that end dost thy assistance give ;  
I joy in thy forbearance of them too,  
Till they consent thy methods to pursue.  
In thy adjuring them by JESUS's blood,  
By sweetest calls, by motives for their good.  
I joy that thou receiv'st the penitent,  
Forgetting his unkindness to resent ;  
Forgiving his offences against thee,  
And drowning them in that great depth or sea,  
Ev'n. in the blood of JESUS who was slain.  
E'er the foundation of the world was lain :  
I joy in all that kindness thou hast shown  
Unto thy church, uniting her in one ;  
In giving her thy word as statutes good,  
And other means, conveyers of her food ;  
In making her thy favourite and bride,  
For she was formed from his sacred side,

And

And ever since he truly is her head,  
Her nursing father, for by him she's fed.  
O JESUS ! master, I rejoice in thee,  
Who wast incarnated in flesh for me ;  
The reason why, I dare not to enquire,  
For what belongs to God I choose t' admire ;  
But I have reason to rejoice in thee,  
Since thou a prince to men and angels be.  
In thee the treasures of true wisdom are,  
In knowledge who can with thy self compare ?  
In this we joy ; in this thy church can boast,  
That thou dost give to her thy Holy Ghost ;  
Confirming to her every promise made,  
And cherishing that grace to her convey'd.  
Adored be that love, oh providence,  
For all that good thou dost to man dispense.  
Fresh acts of grace, thy pity still supplies  
Thy anger slowly moves, while mercy flies.  
Lord make me thankful for my shape, my health,  
My strength, my beauty, competence of wealth ;  
For what my portion is, or shall be here,  
O teach me to submit, whate're they are.  
What a distinguish'd mercy's this, O God,  
T' allot and make my residence, abode,  
Within a church from errors that's exempt,  
Whose faith and doctrine frees her from contempt !  
How much am I oblig'd for this to thee,  
Who by her dost thy grace convey to me !  
'Tis that that keepeth me from ev'ry sin,  
That inclination might involve me in.  
From th' opportunities of doing ill,  
And those thou givest me of acting well.  
How suddenly have some been ta'en by death,  
Yet still I live, still draw my vital breath !  
How many are deny'd repenting grace,  
And yet to me thou shew'st a kinder face !

I still

I still have left some sparks of good desires,  
 Some longings after what my God requires ;  
 I still have left a great good will to pray,  
 And ask that grace thou lovest to convey.  
 O what a token of thy love is this !

Keep me, O Lord, that I no more transgress.  
 Adore his goodness, ye angelic choir,  
 And all ye nations round my God admire ;  
 And thou, my wond'ring soul, shalt blefs his name,  
 Whose vast extensive love thy praises claim ;  
 He's only good, my God's for ever kind  
 To them that do his mercies bear in mind.

His pow'r commands the most devouring flame,  
 His word the mighty roaring waters tame,  
 And brings his faithful thro' the rapid stream. }  
 When I beheld all human succours fail,  
 Then did my God my sad distempers heal ;  
 His word to me, both health and safety gives,  
 From fear'd destruction he my life retrieves.

When I call back those dreadful moments past,  
 In which I did my God's displeasure taste,  
 Or meditate upon his mercies felt,  
 Since I in *Mesech*'s barren desert dwelt,  
 Or when reflect on his abused grace,  
 I need not wonder that he hides his face ;  
 Yet still in love, he yisits me again,  
 My wand'ring soul-unto his laws reclaim.

When I was founder'd deep in mire and clay,  
 When from the sacred pāth my steps did stray ;  
 Then did he take me from the dismal pit,  
 And on the solid ground he plac'd my feet.  
 When deadly sorrows compass'd me around,  
 My aching heart but little comfort found ;  
 When pains of hell my troubled soul opprest,  
 When anguish seiz'd and wreck'd my tender

[breast :  
 Then :

Then God remov'd me from these dreadful fears,  
 Secur'd my feet, and dry'd my eyes from tears ;  
 Therefore that future time my God shall lend,  
 Will I sincerely in his service spend ;  
 Devoutly to his temple I'll repair,  
 And own his love, his mercies boundless are.  
 How loath hast thou been to behold my fall !  
 How often after me did mercy call !  
 With what conviction has it follow'd me !  
 What checks, O conscience, I've receiv'd of thee !  
 To God is owing all the good I have,  
 And he the glory of it shall receive.  
 Thou only art the Lord, all praise is thine,  
 Thou only good, thou Majesty Divine ;  
 Thine is dominion, honour, glory, might,  
 All power's thine, who sit'st enthron'd in light.  
 What precious things thy mercy does unfold !  
 How rich those truths to men by JESUS told !  
 To do so much for a rebellious friend,  
 What understanding this can comprehend ?  
 I must acknowledge thee, JEHOVAH, God,  
 Loud anthems send up to thy blest abode ;  
 Declare to all the lift'ning nations round,  
 That God is love, and does in love abound.  
 My labours I will consecrate to thee,  
 My self too shall an holy off'ring be.  
 All that I am, from thee I did receive,  
 And as a tribute due to thee must give ;  
 For thou my soul from deadly sin retriev'd,  
 And I forgiveness of it have receiv'd ;  
 Then think, my soul, and inwardly recal,  
 How wretched man was, when he chose to fall !  
 Think, think again, what bondage he was in,  
 When with delight he added sin to sin ;

And

84 HORNECK's *Fire of the Altar*:

And then reflect what freedom you've obtain'd  
 By JESUS, who your liberty has gain'd; }  
 O prize this freedom, and no more be chain'd;  
 Enter no more in satan's slavery,  
 But serve thy great Redeemer chearfully; }  
 In virtue's paths the virtuous he'll meet,  
 Who make his word a lantern to their feet; }  
 This is to me a day of great success,  
 For this my joy God's holy name I'll bless; }  
 Because he has my greatest wants supply'd;  
 By me shall his great name be magnify'd.  
 My JESU has reviv'd my drooping soul,  
 His wine and oil, his merits make me whole; }  
 The sweet supplies he offers, I'll embrace,  
 For those are aids of his assisting grace; }  
 They will direct me how my steps to guide,  
 That from his faith and truth I never slide.  
 They'll shew me God, wherever I shall go,  
 And teach me, all does from his goodness flow; }  
 He is omnisc'ent, and my steps does know.  
 Let nothing draw my heart, O God, from thee,  
 But let my will to thine submissive be; }  
 And should I stumble, be thou my support,  
 For unto thee for help I must resort; }  
 Thou, only thou, art my defence and fort;  
 But should I fall, O raise me up again,  
 My strength is weakness, unless thou sustain:  
 Enrich my eyes with a resplendent ray,  
 That if I err, I may not lose my way.  
 O keep me safe by thy almighty pow'r,  
 Of ev'ry faculty keep thou the door; }  
 That nothing enters them that is impure;  
 But let my heart a holy temple be,  
 Fit to receive thy awful majesty; }  
 And as thy word's a lantern to my feet,  
 So in the sacred path thy servant meet;

That

That if I am discourag'd in the way,  
Thy hand may lead me that I do not stray.  
Let thy good providence direct me where  
The lovers of thy laws, thy servants are;  
In them let my delight, my comfort be,  
O teach me how to choose my company.  
In thee my life is hid, in thee appears.  
O speak, my Lord, but give thy servant ears,  
So will not thy commandments grievous be,  
When I for help can have recourse to thee,  
Who with a careful hand directest me.  
Whem I am tempted, give me strength to bear.  
Whate're's the cross, whate're my trials are.  
Give me but fortitude, O then shall I  
Right reason follow, ev'ry evil fly.  
Let not the present transitory pleasure,  
Deprive me of my everlasting treasure;  
Nor let me look at things as they appear,  
These empty trifles are not worth my care,  
But let me fix my hopes where things eternal are.  
Thy kingdom far surpasses what we think,  
For it consisteth not in meats or drink;  
But in the joy and peace of thy good spirit,  
In that surpassing love which CHRIST did merit;  
Give me a taste of it while I am here,  
Then shall I know in part what pleasures are,  
And for thy day shall ev'ry day prepare.  
Into thy hands my spirit I commend,  
Let thy success these great concerns attend;  
Let thy good grace come down upon my soul,  
And there reside till I'm compleatly whole;  
Till it has brought me so to think upon  
Eternity, that's daily drawing on;  
That it may so direct my better eye  
To follow thee, who can my wants supply;

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That step by step I gradually may rise  
 To heaven, where my lasting treasure lies;  
 Let these pure thoughts unlink my wretched chain,  
 O break it, that I may not strive in vain.  
 O hear me, answer me; my God, my Lord,  
 O pity me, come in, thy help afford:  
 Tis only thou my weakness canst relieve,  
 That thou wilt do it give me to believe;  
 Then shall my tongue thy right'ous acts proclaim,  
 Because thou hast deliver'd me from shame;  
 For only unto thee, my God, belongs  
 The tribute of my praise; these new made songs.  
 Let all that seek thy face, to joy be rais'd,  
 And those who prize thy grace; sing, God be  
 [prais'd.

Tho' I am poor, not worthy of thy care,  
 Yet, Lord, restore me, and thy servant spare;  
 O to my help, to my relief repair:

A M E N, A M E N.



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